

THE  
SATURDAY REVIEW  
OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,029, Vol. 40.

July 17, 1875.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.

A TIME of political quiet is apt to be a time of political curiosities. The present Session has seen many odd, quaint things said and said; but nothing in this way has equalled the motion of Sir CHARLES DILKE, and the debate to which it gave rise. It was a motion for an investigation to be made by some unknown persons into the general question as to what distribution of political power would be juster than the present one. That the present distribution of political power is not theoretically correct, and is full of anomalies, Sir CHARLES DILKE has found out, and so have Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. GOSCHEN, who supported him in debate, and so have many other persons. But how is a better system to be introduced? How ought political power to be distributed? This is exactly what Sir CHARLES DILKE and Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. GOSCHEN would like to know. They object to what exists, and yet cannot think of anything else. This seems to them almost unendurable. If only they could get hold of the right thing to support, they would support it manfully, and use the most cogent arguments in its defence. But as they cannot think of the right thing, it has occurred to them that somebody else should be solemnly set to think of it for them. Sir CHARLES DILKE's motion gravely declared that it is the duty of the Government to provide these amateur thinkers for a bewildered Opposition. This is a most curious view of the duties of a Government, but then, as Sir CHARLES DILKE says, this is a time of political quiet, and everybody seems affected by it. The author and supporters of the motion had not even got so far as to have conceived who were to be the investigators. To find out who is to think for you is almost as laborious as to think for yourself, and so this also was to be left to the Government. Mr. DISRAELI was, in fact, asked to think of somebody who might think of something which, if they liked it, the Opposition might subsequently think. Sir CHARLES DILKE hinted that a Royal Commission might best supply the requisite machinery, and Mr. FAWCETT concurred with him, while Mr. GOSCHEN was dead against this mode of solving the difficulty. It was the great advantage of securing the services of Lord GREY and Lord HALIFAX that chiefly struck Mr. FAWCETT, and it is not inconceivable that those excellent noblemen might enjoy the task of sitting independently on a Commission appointed generally to think what ought to be thought. Lord GREY is perhaps the most crotchety man in England, and it would not be bad sport for him to sit day after day talking with other crotchety men, and thanking them for their able explanation of their valuable views. But that it should be asserted in the House of Commons that it is a manifest duty of the Government to set Lord GREY chatting with Mr. HARE is the very flower of all the oddities of a time of political quiet.

Mr. DISRAELI naturally asked what this body of inquirers, if its character could be determined, was to do? What were the investigations with which it was to busy itself? A mere arithmetical calculation of the number of persons who would be entitled to vote if the present borough suffrage were extended throughout the kingdom, would be of very little good. It could be made by the officials at the command of the Government with more ease and greater accuracy than by a Committee or Commission. Mr. GOSCHEN said that one object of the inquiry was to avoid the possibility of future Reform Bills being made with the haste and indifference to information displayed in the concoction of the famous Ten Months' Bill. No

doubt it is desirable to avoid anything like a repetition of the proceedings of a hurried, flurried, divided Cabinet like that of Lord DEREY before Mr. DISRAELI consolidated his colleagues and his party, and made them victorious by proposing household suffrage. There is not the slightest danger of anything of the sort happening again which statistics could prevent. When a Cabinet is inventing fancy franchises and debating about a pound more or less in rental as the basis of the franchise, it would be advantageous that there should be some means of checking its various schemes by the standard of an elaborate body of statistics. But now that household suffrage has been introduced once for all, there is only one computation to make, and that is how many householders or qualified lodgers there are. Directly we have got past this one calculation we get into questions, not of calculation, but of principle. How is this mass of electors to be arranged? The simplest plan at first sight seems to be to parcel them off into bodies numerically equal. But no one acquainted with the subject supports this. Not only would it involve a violation of all the habits and traditions of the country, but the equal bodies must, for practical purposes, be the inhabitants of what are supposed to be equal electoral districts, and districts which start with being equal soon become unequal with the fluctuations of population. This makes readjustment necessary, and readjustment means endless jobbery. Mr. DISRAELI points to a real political danger when he said that he was afraid of the power which constant readjustments would give to a strong and unscrupulous Government. Readjustments were one of the great engines of electoral manipulation under the Second Empire, and, as Mr. GOSCHEN pointed out, equal electoral districts have been tried in the United States only to be discarded. If all householders are to have a vote, and there are not to be equal electoral districts, what is to be done? This is precisely what Sir CHARLES DILKE and his friends do not know, and what they want some one to tell them. There are plenty of people who give answers of some sort, but the answers are unsatisfactory. There is Mr. HARE, who has got a scheme which no one can understand. There are the devotees of cumulative voting; but they do not, at any rate, satisfy the requirements of Sir CHARLES DILKE and his friends. Their panacea does not commend itself to those philosophers in search of a philosophy. Mr. GOSCHEN more especially did not hesitate to say that, although he owed his seat to cumulative voting, he disapproved of it, because it prevents contests being fought when the electors really wish to have a good stirring and instructive contest. A few seats, as at present arranged by a peculiar process, do not make much difference one way or the other; but if a general scheme produced general political apathy, it would be a very bad thing. Mr. FAWCETT also objected to cumulative voting on the grounds of its causing a waste of voting power, and sometimes placing a real majority in a minority; and it is manifest that cumulative voting tends to make the candidate a mere plaything in the hands of clever election agents. Personally Mr. FAWCETT prefers some plan of grouping boroughs, and he would be very much obliged to any one who would tell him how boroughs are to be grouped, and with startling modesty he appears to believe that a secret which he cannot discover for himself is likely to be revealed to him by Lord GREY and Lord HALIFAX.

At a time which no one can anticipate, and under circumstances which no one can foresee, household suffrage will be made universal. The leaders of both parties are agreed as to this; and neither party apprehends especial disadvantage from this extension of the suffrage. But all

statesmen concur in admitting that there must be a change in the distribution of seats if the suffrage is extended. On what principle seats are to be redistributed is a matter not so much open to question as left at present altogether in the dark. More light is precisely what Sir CHARLES DILKE and his friends want, and they ask Lord GREY and Lord HALIFAX to give it them. If it was to be got on such easy terms, they could give it themselves. The real reason why no one knows how seats are to be redistributed is that no adequate thinkers set themselves to think the subject out. It has no real interest for persons who observe how little the nation cares for the subject, and how many more important things there are for the nation to achieve than to chop and change its electoral system. Mr. GOSCHEN clutches at the idea of some one else telling him what to think about the redistribution of seats, because he does not consider it worth while to think about it himself. He would like to know the theoretically best method of adjusting political power, just as he would like to know what is to be seen at the North Pole, or the exact distance of the sun from the earth. He thinks that the Government should despatch an expedition of scientific people to find out all about electoral arrangements. He has no notion of going on the expedition himself. But the difficulty is that there are no people to go on his expedition. Scientific people do really very much wish to know what the North Pole is like, and what results the calculations founded on the Transit of Venus will give. For philosophical inquiries into the proper distribution of seats there is no such enthusiasm. It is not, for example, a practical and really interesting question in the eyes of Mr. GLADSTONE, like vestments and the site of Troy. When it does become a practical and interesting question, Sir CHARLES DILKE, and Mr. FAWCETT, and Mr. GOSCHEN will do their best to think it out for themselves, and will not be content to trust to Lord GREY and Lord HALIFAX. Nothing could have better shown how fictitious was their present interest in the subject than the proposal they made or supported. Those who at present try to take the subject up are met at the outset by two difficulties on which Mr. DISRAELI dwelt with much force. Our present electoral system, with all its anomalies, gives us as good a representative body as, for all we know, we should get under any system; and these anomalies themselves produce good effects, and are the consequences of centuries of a peculiar political history. The country is therefore content to wait, and to let the difficulties of the future be solved by those whom they may concern. When any statesman or philosopher of adequate power chooses to examine the very difficult question of the proper distribution of electoral power in England, and sets himself to the task with patience, deliberation, and impartiality, he will do a work very useful to the country. But no such person has as yet appeared, and a Royal Commission, even although Lord GREY presided over it, could not force him into existence.

#### THE CARLIST REVERSES.

ALL foreigners who are not interested in the triumph of bigotry and despotism will wish success to the vigorous attack which has at last been made on the forces of Don CARLOS. King ALFONSO's Government has many faults, but its maintenance is not inseparably connected with the repudiation of all modern improvement in political institutions. It is understood that the KING and his advisers have lately placed themselves in communication with the recognized leaders of the old Parliamentary parties. It is true that neither former Ministers nor leaders of Opposition have been conspicuous for wisdom or patriotic devotion; but Progressists and Moderates are in some degree pledged to a constitutional system in which some kind of liberty is to be combined with recognition of the authority of the Crown. The project of a Constitution which has been framed by a Committee of ex-Parliamentary leaders seems to be less irrational than the schemes which have been from time to time approved by Constituent Assemblies in Spain, to be afterwards disregarded by successive Governments. Many acts of the Ministers since the last Restoration have been arbitrary, if not tyrannical; but they have the excuse of a civil war, and of a period of revolution which is not yet finally closed. The acknowledgment that they need the alliance of some section of the constitutional party affords a kind of security

for their final acceptance of the principles which they may have occasionally violated. It is true that, whether King ALFONSO maintains himself on the throne, or is succeeded by the only possible alternative in the form of a Republican Government, the prospects of Spain are not encouraging. The Treasury is insolvent; the revenue has largely declined; and the chiefs of the army may not improbably imitate former precedents by interference with the regular course of administration. The army which recalled Don ALFONSO may insist on its reward; and the clergy will certainly demand as the price of their support the restoration of some of the property which the Church has lost, and the suppression of nonconformity. The Republicans have shown a certain amount of political judgment in effacing themselves as far as possible, since their ineptitude led to the violent expulsion of the last Cortes; but there can be no doubt that their agitation will be revived on a favourable opportunity such as that which they seized when King AMADEO unexpectedly abdicated.

It would be easy to accumulate additional illustrations of the disadvantages which embarrass the Spanish Government; but if the list were still further extended, one paramount merit would entitle King ALFONSO to preference over Don CARLOS. In a civil war, the stronger combatant, unless his cause is flagrantly unjust, is entitled to sympathy, because he is more likely than his adversary to restore peace by victory. No success within reach of the Carlists would enable them to occupy any considerable part of Spain beyond the limits of their own provinces. Every petty triumph which they have secured tended to prolong the war by postponing the only termination which can be regarded as possible. In the American Civil War the chief fault of the Confederates was that they were the weaker party, and that they could less than their adversaries afford to lose men and to draw on their resources. As soon as it became certain that the war could have only one termination, prudent and benevolent observers wished that the inevitable end should be attained as soon as possible. On similar grounds it is to be hoped that the Carlists will be speedily disabled from inflicting and suffering heavier losses. The titles of the rival dynasties are almost equally good; and from circumstances Don ALFONSO is the stronger; though until lately his troops have made little impression on the positions of the Carlists. The POPE himself, though he probably prefers the more uncompromising champion of his supremacy, has so far recognized Don ALFONSO as to send a NUNCIO to Madrid. Every secular Power has accorded recognition, which in modern times is rather evidence of a fact than admission of a right. If Carlist treason had prospered, it would no longer have been called treason; but resistance to a Government which cannot be overthrown, is, if not treasonable, at least highly injurious to the national welfare. Unless Spain is to be dismembered in accordance with the theories of the Federal Republicans, it is for the interest of both belligerents to bring the war to an end. The population of the insurgent provinces has proved itself too formidable to stand in danger of oppression.

The reasons which have for many months delayed the advance of the national forces are not accurately known; but the magnitude of the operations which have now been undertaken probably required many preparatory arrangements. It seems that all the officers in high command are acting in concert, and they have already obtained important advantages. The capture of Cantavieja is the more satisfactory because the Carlists have hitherto seldom failed to repel assaults on their more important positions. Their partisans assert that the greater part of the garrison of Cantavieja was withdrawn before the place was surrendered; but the capture of a considerable amount of stores and of many guns proves that they were unable either to hold the fortress or to effect a deliberate evacuation. In consequence of the forward movement of the Royal troops, the Carlist generals are compelled to retire from a large part of the district from which they derive their resources; and it is even reported that they are preparing to evacuate their position at Estella which they have so long defended against all attacks. The rumour that some of the local Juntas have consequently abandoned the cause of Don CARLOS may probably be premature; but all the territory which the Carlists have occupied has contributed to their support, and has furnished them with recruits. The loss of a provincial stronghold, or a retreat from a part of their own provinces, proportionately diminishes their means of resistance. In the quality of their best troops they are at least



on a level with their adversaries; but they can less afford a diminution of numbers or an interruption of supplies. It will be known in a few days whether DORREGARAY has succeeded in effecting a retreat which seems, from the accounts which have been published, to be exposed to considerable risk. The reports of successes which are circulated by either party have not in general been entitled to implicit belief; but the details of the recent operations can scarcely have been invented by the Government of Madrid. The progress of a belligerent who is greatly superior in numbers and in means is always comparatively credible. The party which must in the end be victorious may perhaps have now achieved a decisive success. General SABALLS allows that he has lost the fort of La Junquera; and it is remarkable that, for the first time in many months, the Carlists have ceased to claim the victory even in skirmishes.

The Spanish Ambassador at Paris is once more urging on the French demands for the strict observance of neutrality. If DORREGARAY should be driven across the frontier, it is scarcely probable that he or his troops would be allowed to re-enter Spain; but Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers have sometimes received Spanish remonstrances with intelligible impatience, and probably they may confine themselves to strict compliance with the rules of international law. The German Government continues to exhibit an antipathy to the Carlists which is rather natural than dignified. The brother of Don CARLOS narrowly escaped arrest when he imprudently ventured into Bavarian territory, although it is difficult to understand how he can have become liable to German jurisdiction. The Government of Madrid would be greatly embarrassed by a compliance with the request that Don ALONSO should be surrendered as a common criminal. The Carlists, and perhaps the PRINCE himself, have committed many acts of cruelty and violence, but their excesses have not been altogether unprovoked. It has not been the custom in Spain to conduct civil war with strict regard to humanity. When the present struggle is at an end, it will be for the interest of all parties to abstain from recrimination. If the present campaign proves to be decisive and final, honours and rewards will be prodigally distributed amongst the officers in command. It will not be a cause for regret if the Carlist leaders also share the advantages of peace. On several occasions they have rejected, through a sense of honour, the offer of a recognition of their military rank. When they are convinced that the contest has become hopeless, they may perhaps be disposed to reconsider their former refusal. Some of them have shown considerable ability in maintaining an unequal war, and it would be prudent to attach them by a feeling of gratitude to the dynasty which is accepted by the nation. Don CARLOS has no reason to complain of any want of fidelity on the part of his adherents, and he has no right to condemn them to exile or to enforced idleness and obscurity. Until the insurgent provinces and the chiefs of the Carlist army are in some degree reconciled to the Government there will always be a risk of the renewal of the war.

#### THE LABOUR LAWS.

**D**URING the debates on the laws affecting labour, the House of Commons has been seized with an enthusiastic desire to secure absolute theoretical or verbal equality. Mr. CROSS has more than once been compelled to remind the House that legislation directed to the enforcement of special duties, or the prevention of special evils, cannot in its nature be universal. Experience has shown that gas-stokers may sometimes combine for the purpose of exposing a great community to serious inconvenience and danger. The execution of a similar design in the case of water supply might be still more disastrous, and Mr. CROSS had at least some excuse for inserting in his Bill a special provision against the repetition of such attempts. It might indeed be contended that the object of the strike, which was intentionally appointed for the shortest and darkest days of winter, was not to deprive the metropolis of a necessary of life, but to enforce on the Companies compliance with certain demands; but it mattered little to the inhabitants of London whether a refusal to provide gas was an end or an instrument of pressure. No man is compelled to work for a Gas Company except for a limited period defined by a voluntary

contract. The breach of such an agreement derives its character from the extent of the mischief which may follow a desertion of the employment. Mr. LOWE, in his zeal for comprehensive uniformity of legislation, insisted on rendering contractors for the supply of gas or water equally responsible with workmen for a disregard of their duty. The case has never occurred, nor is it likely to arise hereafter, but ultimately Mr. CROSS consented to extend the penal provisions of the clause to a delinquent manager or contractor. Sir W. HARCOURT then suggested the fanciful offence of a coalowner who might stop the manufacture of gas by failing to deliver coals in pursuance of a contract. As Gas Companies are not in the habit of exhausting their stores of coal before they obtain a new supply, the contingency is in the highest degree improbable. It is not impossible that a coalowner might desire to evade the performance of a disadvantageous contract; but if he failed to make delivery at the proper time, the Company would in the ordinary course of business supply the want from other quarters, and recover damages for any loss which might have been sustained. One of the most probable causes of involuntary failure would be a strike among the miners, who could scarcely be made criminally responsible for the inconvenience which might be suffered by gas consumers.

The working classes, if they have sometimes been harshly dealt with in former legislation, may now boast that their most delicate scruples receive the anxious and favourable attention of Parliament. On Monday night a long discussion turned on the alleged hardships of imprisoning a workman in any contingency for the most deliberate breach of contract. Mr. CROSS had inserted in the Bill a thoughtful provision for the purpose of enabling a workman to avoid on reconsideration all penalties for breach of contract. The justices who heard the complaint were authorized at the request of the defendant to direct, in lieu of damages, the performance of the contract, if he could give security for his new undertaking. If, after all, he failed to perform his second engagement, he would incur a short imprisonment; and it is evident that the liability would operate as a protection to the surety at the same time that it would be an inducement to perform a voluntary obligation. Nevertheless, some extreme purists protested against the remote contingency of punishment as inconsistent with the principle of the abolition of imprisonment for debt. Finally, Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, with the assent of the Government, introduced a questionable provision that the imprisonment should discharge any pecuniary liability which might have been incurred. It was stated in the course of the discussion that the working-men themselves and their acknowledged representatives had not complained of the grievance which was discovered by the acuteness of their advocates in the House of Commons. The case of a breach of a renewed contract, with the consequence of imprisonment, is scarcely likely to occur in practice; but the solicitude of the House of Commons to consult the assumed susceptibility of workmen is perhaps carried to excess. The employers and those who share their opinions are prudently silent, remembering that capital has fewer borough votes to dispose of than labour. The tone of the late debates, as well as the substance of the Government Bills, justifies the hopes which the leaders of the working classes founded on the establishment of household suffrage. The increased regard which is paid to the wishes and feelings of the majority of the constituency might be regarded with unmixed satisfaction, if only it were certain that weaker portions of the community could rely on equal justice.

Mr. CROSS's latest version of the clause which purports to provide against the worst forms of Union tyranny will probably have been adopted by the House. The practice of watching or picketing the premises of an obnoxious employer for the purpose of deterring workmen from entering his service is only to be punishable when threats are used which would furnish sufficient grounds to a justice for binding over the offender to keep the peace. The ingenuity of workmen on strike will henceforth not be severely taxed to discover methods of annoying with impunity intrusive competitors for employment. Direct threats will be carefully avoided, while the life of the objects of persecution will be rendered intolerable. The amateur philanthropists who supply Trade-Unions with legal and economical advice will perhaps draw up a code of rules which may enable picketing parties and scouts to vex and harass and persecute, and yet to keep within the letter of the law. The principles which have under former Acts been from

time to time propounded by the judges were necessarily vague, and in their application to special cases they might sometimes seem inconsistent; but the object of legislation ought to be at least as much protection of victims of oppression as liberality in conferring on organized bodies of workmen greater power of controlling their neighbours. The alleged necessity of giving information to those who might otherwise be ignorant of the existence of a strike is transparently fictitious. The events which concern a particular trade become immediately notorious among its members; and if there were a doubt on the subject, the material information might be given by a single messenger commissioned for that purpose alone. There is much reason to fear that both picketing and the more culpable practice of rattening will be encouraged by the relaxation of the existing law. The combatant section of the working class, though it is not even a majority, has contrived to secure to itself more than its share of Parliamentary attention and sympathy. If the rights of employers and capitalists are not thought worthy of notice, the interference of any set of workmen with the liberty of others ought to be vigilantly checked.

Although Mr. Cross may in some instances have been too liberal in his concessions, the Bills which he has now virtually carried deserve high commendation. No recent Minister has excelled Mr. Cross in decision of purpose or in simplicity of method. At the same time conciliatory and vigorous, he has secured the confidence of the House of Commons, and he has achieved the more difficult task of removing the suspicion of the workmen whose grievances he has undertaken to redress. His attention had fortunately been directed to the evils arising from trade contests before he could have expected to attain his present position. He consequently brought to the performance of his difficult task both practical knowledge and genuine good will to both parties. It is too much to expect that his measures will put an end to agitation, but they will diminish its force by removing plausible grounds of remonstrance. The debates in the House of Commons have, on the whole, been practical and instructive, although some attempts have been made to introduce a political element into the discussion. At several recent meetings of delegates, resolutions have been passed in favour of the Bills, with the judicious reservation that the relief afforded is still insufficient. Litigants are not in the habit of admitting that all their demands are fully satisfied; but the concessions which have been made to trade combinations within a few years are large, even if they are not complete. The leaders of the Unions have, in the meantime, yielded nothing in theory or practice. The cherished right of coercion has been consistently, and not ineffectually, asserted. With the exception of Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, no apologist has ventured openly to defend the system of rattening as practised in Sheffield. The milder torture of picketing may on easy conditions be, as hitherto, applied with impunity. It may perhaps hereafter occur to the working classes themselves to ask for the protection which is not allowed to employers. In the meantime they must take the consequences of their own apathy.

#### M. BUFFET AND THE IMPERIALISTS.

THERE has been a three days' battle in the French Assembly in which none of the combatants, save one, seem to have known precisely for what they were fighting. The Report of the Committee on the Nièvre election asked the Assembly to invalidate M. DE BOURGOING's return, and to recognize the existence of a Bonapartist conspiracy against the existing Government. If the debate could have been restricted to the issues thus raised, there would have been a remarkable unanimity in the Assembly. Probably no one, except the Bonapartists, denies that M. DE BOURGOING obtained his majority by a very unscrupulous use of Marshal MACMAHON's name, and by the unfortunate action of the local authorities in treating the Republicans of the department as the declared enemies of the Government. No one, again, except the Bonapartists, doubts that there is a Bonapartist organization in all parts of the country, waiting to take advantage of any favourable turn in public affairs, and using any underhand means that may present themselves to make this favourable turn come soon. In the natural course of

things, therefore, the Report of the Committee would have been adopted, and the Bonapartists would have sustained a conspicuous defeat. But, in the present state of French parties, things never do take their natural course. The truth is that the Government is hampered by its relations with its own subordinates. When M. BUFFET became Minister he decided not to displace the Bonapartist Prefects and sub-Prefects whom the Duke of BROGLIE had placed in office. Considering that this determination was taken with the consent of men like M. DUFFAURE and M. LÉON SAY, it might wisely have been acquiesced in by the Left. M. BUFFET probably believes that these officials will do him less harm where they are than if they were turned into open enemies, and the adoption of the Constitutional Laws has made the Republican character of the Government sufficiently unmistakable to prevent the recurrence of mistakes like those made in the Nièvre. But the Left cannot forgive M. BUFFET for not undoing the Duke of BROGLIE's work, and they entered upon the debate with a decided, and, as it proved, an irrepressible, disposition to hold the Government responsible for the former acts of those who are still its servants.

The relations between the Bonapartists in the French Assembly and the great body of the Right are curiously contradictory. So far as feeling goes, the Right hate the Bonapartists. It is the single point upon which they are at one with the Left. Their own denunciations of the Empire are no less violent than those of the Republicans, and when the Republicans succeed in saying anything more than usually insulting to NAPOLEON III., the Right cheer them in spite of themselves. The debate of Wednesday brought both these tendencies into great prominence. M. ROUHER implied a parallel between NAPOLEON III. and CHARLES X., and a Legitimist at once denied that there could be any comparison between a loyal King and one who had been false to his word and to the law. M. ROUHER next tried to associate the fall of the Empire with the fall of the Monarchy of July, but an Orleanist at once insisted on the difference between a dynasty which, in falling, left France "great, free, and proud, and one which left her helpless in an enemy's hands." Then, before the frantic applause evoked by this retort had been silenced, M. GAMBETTA cried out, "The blood of the 2nd of December is choking you," and "forthwith fresh applause broke out." Ordinarily the Right is on the watch for every phrase of M. GAMBETTA's which can possibly be regarded as violent, and on the following day he was called to order for using the word "cynicism" in reference to some of the acts of the Ministry. But on this occasion no objection was dreamed of. It was the Imperialists he was charging with murderous bloodshed, and there was no section of the Assembly, except those attacked, that did not for the moment associate itself with the indictment. This is the attitude of the Right so long as words only are concerned. The moment that something more than words is needed the whole aspect of affairs is changed. These same men, who are almost beside themselves with delight whenever the Empire is abused, are found making common cause with the defenders of the Empire as soon as it comes to a vote. They hate the Imperialists; they are afraid of the Imperialists; but, notwithstanding this, they are always ready to intrigue with the Imperialists. The explanation of this inconsistency is simple enough. Though the objects of the Right and of the Bonapartists are radically distinct, they have a close superficial resemblance. Both parties wish to overthrow the present Constitution, and both wish to overthrow it in the interest of an absent prince. The Right would like, if they could, to denounce Bonapartist conspiracies, and to call upon the Government to put them down with a strong hand. But when it comes to putting down conspiracies, it is difficult to set up fine distinctions between one conspirator and another. If the Government attack the partisans of NAPOLEON IV. in deference to the Legitimists, how are they to hold their hands when they are invited by the Republicans to attack the partisans of HENRY V.? At all events, the Right are not inclined to place them in any such dilemma, and consequently, when it comes to a division, the men who have been cheering M. GAMBETTA to the assault are found voting with M. ROUHER. This fact necessarily influences the conduct of the Government. It is probable that M. BUFFET would like to take a more decided line against the Bonapartists than he has yet ventured on. But he knows that, if he does so, he is likely



to be deserted by the Right, and so to be left in what is far worse to him than a minority, a majority composed exclusively of Republicans. Whenever, therefore, the current seems to be setting very strongly against the Imperialists M. BUFFET tries to break its force. On Thursday he declined to associate himself with the Left in their attempts to treat Imperialist sympathies as treasonable. He defended the pilgrimage to Chislehurst on the occasion of the EMPEROR'S funeral, which had incidentally been attacked, and reminded the Assembly that the Empire is not the only danger against which France has to contend. By this means he separated himself for the time from the Left, and constructed a momentary majority out of his habitual supporters the Left Centre, and the entire Right.

The tactics of the Left in this debate seem to have been wanting in the cleverness which usually characterizes them. Although M. BUFFET is not willing to take any active measures against the Bonapartists, partly because he is afraid of the effect which such a policy might have upon the distribution of parties in the Assembly, and partly because he is about to work the elections by Bonapartist agents, and can only ensure their devotion by frankly letting bygones be bygones, nevertheless he allowed M. DUFAURE to go into the tribune after he himself had spoken, and assert that "the tendencies" and agitations of the Bonapartist party present serious "dangers," and that he would not "belong to a Government which was not ready to repress them." The Left cheered this speech enthusiastically, and to all appearance the wisest course for them to pursue would have been themselves to propose the motion subsequently brought forward by M. BARAGNON, that "the National Assembly, confiding in the declaration of the Government, passes to the order of the day." Instead of this, M. GAMBETTA rose immediately after M. DUFAURE, professedly to defend the Republican party, but really to attack the Government for its original refusal to make a clean sweep of the Bonapartist officials. This speech necessarily brought M. BUFFET again into the tribune, armed with a challenge to M. GAMBETTA to propose a direct vote of want of confidence against the Ministry. If M. GAMBETTA had complied with this invitation, M. BUFFET would probably have had a majority in his favour, composed of the Right and Left Centres and of the Moderate Right; and if this majority would only have held together and have passed the remaining Constitutional Bills, he would have been able to go to the country as the defender of the Moderate and Conservative Republic against Radicals and Bonapartists alike. M. GAMBETTA did not give the Minister what he asked, but the acceptance of M. BARAGNON'S motion put the Government into nearly the same position. The expression of confidence in the declaration of the Government was carried by 483 votes against 3; the whole Right, together with the Left Centre, voting with the Government, and the Left, desiring as far as possible to minimize the significance of the division, abstaining from voting. On the whole, it seems likely that this last disposition will be the abiding one with the Left, and that this schism, like so many that have preceded it, will be healed by their silent determination to forget its existence. Still, the result of the debate is an unfortunate one. The most important question at this moment is how a majority can be got together pledged to hasten the dissolution; and the creation of this majority may be considerably delayed by a division which exhibits the Left Centre voting with the Right in favour of the Government, and the Left separating itself from the Left Centre rather than support the Government. That the Right will not hurry on the business which must be got through before the Assembly separates is almost certain, and in that case the only means of overpowering their resistance will be to reconstruct the majority which the mutual distrust of M. BUFFET and the Left has needlessly and inconsiderately dissolved.

#### THE LIMITS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

THE extreme vagueness of international law justified at once the question put by Lord PENZANCE to Lord DERBY and the answer which Lord DERBY gave to it. Beyond the decisions of Prize Courts and the texts of treaties, what is inappropriately termed international law is all in the air. It varies with each generation, and is nothing but a pale reflection of passing opinions and prejudices. In

little things it may be tolerably precise, but in large things it does not embody rules, but only records of what, under certain circumstances, persons with more or less of force at their command have done or demanded. It can establish that the house of an ambassador shall have an extra-territorial character, but it cannot establish what are to be the limits of the interference of one nation in the affairs of another. All that can be said is that in a very vague and general way some grounds of interference are recognized as plausible at one time and others at another. As the world goes on it gets a little wiser. Experience and discussion make opinions more sound, and things that were thought right within living memory would not be thought right now. The point debated in the House of Lords was the title of one nation to complain of what was done adversely to its interests in another country, and Lord DERBY said that no nation would now think of complaining because another nation adopted such institutions as it might think fit. A nation which abolishes slavery, for example, is likely to produce discontent in a nation which retains slavery, and to foster in it an inconvenient desire for freedom; but the slave-holding nation would not consider itself entitled to remonstrate. That Lord DERBY should lay this down as an undoubted truth only shows how much the ideas of this generation differ from those of the preceding generation. The interference of France in Spain under the Restoration was supposed to be justified by the danger of Liberal ideas getting through the Pyrenees and shaking the loyalty of the subjects of LOUIS XVIII. Russia for years was on the verge of an open quarrel with Austria because Austria was supposed to be treating the Poles of Galicia too well, and to be thus suggesting to the Russian Poles that a good time might be coming for them too. Even when interference assumes the extreme form of absorption, the opinion of the day may regard the process with indifference or approval. Nice and Savoy were annexed to France, and Europe was indifferent, because it was thought that Piedmont was paying cheaply for what it had got. The Temporal Power of the POPE was summarily abolished and his possessions incorporated with Italy by force, and the great majority of the States of Europe approved of what was done, because they thought the government of the POPE intolerably bad, and that his subjects were entitled to share the fortunes of other Italians if they pleased. Opinion, as usual, created the rule of international law for the occasion.

This does not show that opinion is valueless or powerless. On the contrary, it shows how important it is that the judgments of the world should be as correctly and carefully formed as possible. Of course opinion, however sound, may be successfully defied, and success will in time create an opinion in favour of not heedlessly disturbing that which has been accomplished. The late Emperor of the FRENCH devoted much time and thought to the annexation of Belgium. He knew that opinion in England was strongly opposed to this; and Englishmen are prepared to argue that in this respect their opinion is sound. But he thought that he might simply leave England and English opinion out of his reckoning if he could but get Germany to fall in with his views. Belgium was saved, not by the force of English opinion, but by the rapidity and completeness with which Prussia beat Austria, so that no bargaining with France was necessary. The soundest opinion cannot always prevail in a world where the body in the form of big battalions so often beats the mind. But as a general rule and in the long run, sound opinion tells. It is, in fact, another name for that moral influence which we are all so proud of England possessing, and which really does exist, although no one can say exactly where it is or what it is like. The Germans are very honest, intelligent people, though their ways do not altogether suit us, and they would feel uneasy if the sound opinion of Europe was against them. When, therefore, their Government used expressions in addressing the Belgian Government which seemed to claim a right of interference beyond what sound opinion would justify, Lord PENZANCE performed a not altogether useless task in commenting on these expressions, and helping to establish a sound opinion on the subject. There is no code of law by which the offence of the German Government, if it had committed one, could be tried. There is no one to enforce such a code if it existed. But pertinent criticism always does good. With the particular thing criticized by Lord PENZANCE Englishmen have little to do. The language with

which he found fault was not addressed to us. The despatch in which it was contained was only communicated to us that we might know what was going on among our neighbours, not that we might be affected with notice of the general views of the German Government. The Belgian Government did not in the least mind what was said to it. The tiny point in debate between the two Governments has now been settled in the most amicable way. Still opinion may require to be kept sound even in such a case; and as the language of the German Government was not as strict and careful and correct as it might have been, if Lord PENZANCE likes to try to criticize the Germans into greater verbal accuracy, they, with their love for criticism and accuracy and philosophical principles, are not likely to complain.

In order that his remarks might lead up to something, Lord PENZANCE felt obliged to conclude with a question, and he asked Lord DERBY whether language similar to that used to Belgium had been addressed to England, and, if so, what had been the reply? This was a matter of pure form. Lord PENZANCE knew that the notion of Germany interfering in the internal affairs of England would seem as absurd to German statesmen as it would to him. We discuss German affairs as we discuss the affairs of every other country here, and say what we please about them. To our discussions of their affairs the Germans are indifferent for many reasons. They could not possibly stop them if they wished to do so. The expressions of English opinion are little known or regarded on the Continent. As these discussions are perfectly free, as much is said on one side as on the other. What Lord PENZANCE really meant was to express it as the verdict of sound opinion that free discussion of German affairs should not be prohibited in Belgium, although Belgium is not like England, and Germany has the physics' power of preventing discussion there; and what is written in Belgium may have a real effect in Germany, not only because Belgium is so near, but because the Belgians have, what the English have not, the Continental way of seeing and putting things. Lord DERBY on this head substantially agreed with Lord PENZANCE. As another organ of sound opinion, he stated that free discussion was beneficial to a nation, and that of this benefit even a small nation ought not to be deprived. But Prince BISMARCK himself does not deny this. As some of the expressions of the German Government seemed to convey something like a complaint of what had been written to its disadvantage in Belgian journals, the Belgian Government explained that it could only make the press responsible when the law made it responsible, and that, discussion being free in Belgium, as much was said, and as strongly, for Germany as against it. Prince BISMARCK recognized the truth of these observations, and expressly said that he complained, not of the Belgian press, but of what had been written by persons with some kind of official position. This is a very different thing; and the Belgian Government as to this offered explanations which were quite satisfactory to the German Government. There is no question at issue between the two Governments. The freedom of legitimate discussion in Belgium has not been interfered with by Germany. There is no point in which sound opinion has been questioned or set at naught by Germany. Belgium has made a trifling change in its criminal law, and that is all that Germany wished. As a general rule, it is not desirable that casual outsiders should criticize minutely the expressions contained in a correspondence which has terminated to the satisfaction of both the parties to it. But in these days of great military Powers sound opinion should condemn everything that seems, however remotely, to suggest the curtailment of the independence of small States; and the criticism of Lord PENZANCE, although it may not have been exactly called for, may not have been superfluous.

#### BURMAH.

THE telegrams which have mainly supplied the public with materials for the discussion of this subject are admirably calculated to maintain the balance between hope and distrust. One day everything is said to be going right. Sir DOUGLAS FORSYTH has taken his shoes off in the KING's presence. No rude word has been uttered or insolent gesture shown at the audience. The scandalous precedent

once set by an Indian prince of taking the Viceroy's letter in his left hand instead of his right has not been followed. The KING is disposed to concede everything required of him. In a day or two all these causes for congratulation are exchanged for sinister warnings. The Chinese Ambassador has been received with open arms. The boundary line of the Karen country is still undefined. British troops are not to be allowed a passage through the country. Sir DOUGLAS FORSYTH, instead of going off triumphantly, or remaining to dispose of minor matters, is sent for to Simla to confer with the VICEROY. Immediately afterwards it is announced that fresh communications are going on, and that everything is hopeful. Of course no one can prevent an excitable chronicler or speculative trader from sending home any of the scraps of news which buzz through the bazaars or are whispered at the backdoor of the palace. But it may be thought that, if anything can tend to hinder the successful issue of a delicate negotiation with one of the vainest and most consequential of Asiatic potentates, it must be the premature disclosure of the instructions given to our Envoy. The statement of the UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA would seem to a certain extent to bear out the anticipations of those who have foreseen difficulties in the way of an amicable settlement. The Envoy has indeed got away without being actually insulted; but he has not carried all his points, and it is scarcely to be hoped that the KING will concede to written demands, however reasonable in spirit and temperate and dignified in language, what he has distinctly refused to our Ambassador at a public or private conference. It is difficult to discover, from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's language, what is the exact nature of the concessions required at the hands of the Sovereign for the passage of escort or troops; and, from the tenor of his reply to Mr. GRANT DUFF, it would almost appear as if the India Office itself were by no means possessed of complete information. It may be gathered, however, that the VICEROY, incensed at the attack on our expedition and the murder of Mr. MARGARY, had determined to have the means of making an investigation of the matter for himself on the spot; and to this end the King of BURMAH was requested to allow the passage of an escort sufficient to protect an exploring party from any ordinary attack at the hands of marauders, villagers, insolent officials, or bands of desperate robbers. We cannot suppose that it ever was the intention of the Indian Government to ask permission to send two or more brigades through Upper Burma to the Chinese frontier. Assuming, however, that the proposal had reference merely to a small body of resolute and well-armed men, such as accompanied Captain SLADEN in 1868, or such as we have furnished at other times to Political Residents at native Courts in India itself, the KING's refusal might almost have been anticipated.

In such a case it is necessary to bear in mind the not unnatural fears and prejudices of the King of BURMAH. There is nothing which a potentate, isolated by social feelings even more than by geographical position, jealous of his privileges, and by no means ignorant of the dissolution of other monarchies, dreads so much as political development under the mask of commerce. He knows by report, unduly magnified or stripped of all palliatives, the immutable laws and the inevitable gradations of British advancement. First comes the independent merchant, who merely wishes to purchase rubies and to sell cotton goods. Next there is the accredited agent of Government, who is only to interpose with mild remonstrances in case of misunderstanding, and do what he can to secure fair play for British energy and enterprise. Soon afterwards the mercantile character of the representative of Western civilization is merged in or exchanged for the political, and the reports from the new station beyond our frontier are filled with accounts of palatial intrigues, disputed successions, and contemplated strokes of policy. The beauty of the scenery, the advantages of the climate, the openings for political ascendancy and commercial speculation combined, are enthusiastically dwelt on. At last something happens which exasperates native vanity or wounds British pride; and we all know what may follow when a skilful commander with eight or ten thousand bayonets is sent to demand satisfaction from the Lord of White Elephants or the Brother of the Sun and Moon. No wonder that the secluded potentate thinks that early resistance is his best policy. We may be as conciliatory as possible, but our mere intelligence and curiosity are in themselves sources of alarm. Active and inquisitive foreigners who ascend every mound and sound the depths of



every river; practised engineers who, with instruments that savour of magic, measure the heights of peaks and mountains, and the quantity of rain that falls in every twenty-four hours on the plains; sun pictures taken on the moment, which reproduce the temple and the cottage, and the groups of eager listeners, with a lineal fidelity that even a child can apprehend; doctors who reduce fractures, assuage pain, and mitigate local scourges by the use and application of small phials, without muttering charms or offering sacrifices; inquiries as to exports and imports, about facilities of access, and modes of communication—all these invaders may be endured by the untravelled villagers, but fill the minds of those who value independence and wield authority with unpleasant presages of the loss of personal dignity and the advent of national disgrace.

The consequences of a conflict with Burmah must also be kept in view. The Germans have read other nations a valuable lesson in regard to the importance of obtaining information beforehand as to the nature of a country that is likely to be traversed by their troops. A little of the spirit of Von MOLKE would not be amiss even where the object is merely to ascertain how many days of rough travel it will require for a pony or a bullock to convey its load to a given point. And though this precaution may seem trivial to enthusiasts who wish to tap, by telegraph or railway, the province of Szechuen, or to indignant writers who urge that the policy of non-extension must now and then be put aside, it ought not to be ignored. Now all that we know of the territory beyond Bhamo at present is that it swells into mountain ranges of considerable altitude, and that it is held by tribes subject to "all the disturbing influences of the Chinese and "Burmese Powers." There are Burmese Shans, and there are Chinese Shans; there are Kakhyens divided into Lakone, Cowrie, and Hansa; there are high ridges and rushing torrents, and, in fact, the long line of a difficult and a dangerous frontier, infested by bodies of men of whom the most trustworthy authority, writing from the spot, has said that, having been despoiled themselves during a period of anarchy, they are compelled to seek their livelihood in the reckless spoliation of others. A Chinaman of some influence asked one of the pioneers of our exploring party in the year 1868 how he expected to succeed where kings had tried and failed. The truth is that these expeditions into an unknown country which has not even the settled government of an ordinary Oriental despotism are likely to lead to complications which we can neither unravel with profit nor abandon with honour. Until we know the precise nature of the request made by us and refused by the King of BURMAH, it would be premature to attempt to pronounce decisively on the point. But it is hardly in accordance with the principles of international law that we should go to war with the ruler of a foreign country because he refuses to allow the place of his ordinary policemen to be taken by a Jemadar of Mahomedans or Sikhs. As regards the impolicy of war or further annexation there seem scarcely to be two opinions. We should be no nearer to the back of the north wind, or to the region of peaceful barter and exchange, if our frontier towns were Hotha and Bhamo instead of Prome or Thayetmyo. Then, at a time when it may be desirable to mass troops on the North-Western frontier of India, or to impress native rulers by the show of highly-disciplined and well-equipped forces, it would be extremely inconvenient to have calls made on our military strength in another and remote corner of our vast dependency, in order to curtail the possessions or to punish the audacity of a sovereign between whom and the prominent castes of India there exists neither social nor political tie. A campaign in Burmah would not produce half as much effect on discontented Mahomedans in India as the repression of an *émeute* in one of its great cities, or a summary retribution inflicted on troublesome frontier tribes in the Punjab. From the latest telegrams we indulge a hope that Lord NORTHBROOK may yet devise some means of asserting our dignity or restoring our credit without resorting to extreme measures. But the present dilemma should be a lesson against henceforth giving rash official recognition to explorations in wild countries at the suggestion of credulous Chambers of Commerce. We may select the most capable and judicious of lenders. We may cut down an exploring party to the narrowest limits compatible with efficiency. We may provide all the safeguards which sagacity and experience can suggest. But it ought to be remembered that a Government which lends itself to such

inoffensive little expeditions may any day, and in spite of every precaution, be committed to a vast expenditure, if not to a great war.

#### LORD RUSSELL ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.

LORD RUSSELL himself would surely be puzzled to say what is the object of his new pamphlet. To turn over the pages is like looking into a kaleidoscope. A fresh combination of motives appears on every one of them. The reader begins by thinking that the inconsistencies of the present Government have forced Lord RUSSELL into print—Mr. DISRAELI'S special crime apparently being that, in spite of his promises to reduce local taxation, he maintains a system which throws a large part of the cost of elementary schools on local rates. The mention of education, however, rouses Lord RUSSELL'S ancient hatred of Mr. LOWE, and he turns off to abuse the authors of the Revised Code. Next the late Ministry come in for their share of blame. Then, by the assistance of "two very "intelligent gentlemen" from Massachusetts, Lord RUSSELL sketches the draft of a new Education Bill. This reminds him of the Church Catechism, upon the theological merits of which he passes a highly unfavourable judgment. At this point Lord RUSSELL turns, for the sixth time, to "a separate question," and traces the Independence of the United States and the execution of MARIE ANTOINETTE to the late Mr. CHARLES TOWNSEND'S nefarious dealings with the Land-tax. Finally, he suggests that the present Government should profit by the first representation which he made to the QUEEN, his sovereign and mistress, on taking office in 1846, and prove by demonstration that there is "nothing so Conservative as progress." No one can complain of want of variety in Lord RUSSELL'S muse. All the subjects here enumerated are discussed and dismissed in the course of fourteen pages.

The most characteristic feature of this pamphlet is the strange ignorance which it displays of the issue between moderate and extreme Liberals as regards elementary education. Lord RUSSELL seems to believe, so far as we are able to follow him, that the Dissenters quarrel with the Education Act because it does not make proper provision for giving religious instruction. National education, as Lord RUSSELL humbly submitted to the QUEEN at some distant and unmentioned period, ought to rest on the twin foundations of piety bringing up and respect for the rights of conscience. The "authors of the Revised Code," says Lord RUSSELL, "paid no attention to either." They "adopted the opinion that a labouring-man, hardly worked "till the evening, would have ample time to teach his children the principles of the Christian religion," and they overlooked the fact that "Dissenting parents who object "to the worship and Catechism of the Church of England are by no means satisfied with a permission "to dispense with all religious teaching." This last statement, taken by itself, is perfectly true. There are some Dissenting parents who are not at all satisfied with the conscience clause; but the reason of their displeasure is not that their children do not receive religious instruction, but that other people's children do receive it. Many as have been the complaints urged on behalf of the discussion against the educational policy of the late Government, we have never till now heard it objected to as being not sufficiently Denominational. This, however, is Lord RUSSELL'S view of it. He points out, seemingly under the impression that it is a truth denied by the National Society and the authors of the Revised Code, that "a boy who has been "taught by his parents not to acknowledge that a name "has been given him by his godfathers and godmothers"—we take this to mean a boy who has never had godfathers or godmothers, not, as the words naturally imply, a boy who, having godfathers and godmothers, has been taught to deny that they ever gave him a name—"may yet have "been taught to look to GOD as his Maker, to comprehend "that his soul has been bestowed upon him by an "Almighty Being, and that the commandment to do no "murder is a lesson which he is bound to obey." Dissenting working-men, having no time to teach these truths to their children, are anxious, according to Lord RUSSELL, that they should be taught to the children at the public expense. There need be no difficulty, he thinks, in arranging this, since "all Protestants readily accept the teaching of the Bible "as containing the true doctrine of Christian belief," and if the Roman Catholics want more than this, "there must

"be separate Roman Catholic schools." It is distressing to find so tried a Protestant as Lord RUSSELL thus falling away in his old age. What will it profit him with his Dissenting admirers if he addresses words of sympathy and encouragement to Prince BISMARCK, and then gravely proposes a national endowment of Romish error? There is no question, we fear, that such is his meaning; for if, as he wishes, schools are to be free, and the expense of maintaining them is to form part of the national Budget, no room seems left for voluntary Roman Catholic schools. Perhaps Lord RUSSELL hopes that his condemnation of the Church Catechism will cover his shortcomings in the matter of Popery. The "doctors, bishops, priests, and deacons, who pretended in the sixteenth century to improve the doctrines of CHRIST" only succeeded, according to Lord RUSSELL, in inventing a new heresy. In explaining the LORD's Prayer they made no reference to the clause "as we forgive them that trespass against us." Lord RUSSELL, though he does not draw the conclusion in words, evidently means it to be inferred that a Church which first takes upon itself to teach "what is especially worthy of observance in the LORD's Prayer," and then omits so important a commandment as the forgiveness of trespasses, is not a Church that can expect to have separate schools of its own. It must be content to take its chance with the general body of Protestants. Perhaps if its practice had been better than its teaching, Lord RUSSELL might have relented. Instead of this, its bite has been as bad as its bark. The beds and chairs of Dissenting ratepayers have actually been "taken away for sale by auction in order to comply with the bigotry and animosity of a party in the Established Church." It must be admitted that a party which can derive pleasure from seeing the furniture of its adversaries put up to auction is in a very unchristian frame of mind, and as soon as Lord RUSSELL has proved the connexion between the recovery of a rate levied by a School Board and the bigotry of a party in the Established Church, the Catechism must be given up as indefensible.

Lord RUSSELL regards it as one great merit of his suggested Education Bill that it will leave Dissenters in peaceable enjoyment of their beds and chairs. As there will be no Education rate there can be no refusal to pay it. Evidently it has not occurred to him that when the expenses of education are paid out of the Consolidated Fund the area of conscientious scruples may be enlarged so as to embrace the Income-tax. It cannot, for example, be supposed that Mr. WHALLEY would allow any part of his contribution to the QUEEN's taxes to go to the support of Roman Catholic schools; and as there could be no identification of particular fractions of his total payment, he would have no alternative but to button up his pocket and assume the part of HAMPTON in addition to that of JOHN KNOX. The second merit of Lord RUSSELL's proposal may at once be conceded. If the whole cost of elementary education is taken off the rates, the burden of local taxation will be proportionately lightened. The third advantage Lord RUSSELL anticipates is less intelligible. The establishment of free schools to be paid for out of the taxes "will put an end to all those disputes in which a parent receiving part of his or her weekly maintenance from the parish denies the justice or complains of the hardship of compulsory taxes for popular education." Under the present arrangement, a pauper receiving parish relief contributes nothing to popular education. He is not a ratepayer, and the school fees are virtually paid for him by the Guardians. Consequently his protest against the injustice or hardship of compulsory taxes for popular education must be a purely disinterested effort. Lord RUSSELL's Bill would really give him a certain infinitesimal ground of complaint, inasmuch as even a pauper, if he is not an inmate of a workhouse, has to buy his own food, and may occasionally consume a taxed commodity. If, therefore, the cost of his children's education is thrown on the Consolidated Fund, he might, having regard to the duties on tea, complain of the hardship of compulsory taxes for popular education.

As we have not found it possible to speak favourably of the general drift of this pamphlet, we feel the more bound to mention two conspicuous instances of unusual modesty which are to be found in it. Lord RUSSELL does not "pretend" to decide whether there should be two Sacraments or seven, or to "dictate the choice of financial measures to be adopted by the Parliament and the people

"of Great Britain." After this, it may be taken for granted that he will in future decline the command of the Channel Fleet.

#### IRISH PEERAGES.

LORD STANHOPE has an instinct for discerning the moment at which obsolete institutions become indefensible. Many years ago he had the merit of expunging from the Liturgy the service which commemorated the exploits of GUY FAWKES and WILLIAM III., and, if it is impossible at once to abolish the Irish peerage, Lord STANHOPE will have dried the source from which it springs. Although the Government, for some unexplained reason, opposed Lord STANHOPE's motion, independent peers almost unanimously approved a proposal which tends to increase the dignity of their order. But for the limitation of new creations which was imposed on the Crown by the Act of Union, Irish peerages would probably by this time have become as common as baronetcies. Throughout the first forty years of the reign of GEORGE III. successive Ministers rewarded their English followers with Irish titles, which were also squandered at the instance of Lord-Lieutenants on indigenous partisans. The KING himself alone protested against improvident grants which depreciated the value of English as well as Irish peerages; but PITT, like Lord NORTH, found it convenient to pay his political debts even at the cost of a debasement of the currency. At one time it was usual to give an Irish peerage as an instalment of promotion, until additional services established a claim to a seat in the House of Lords. Mr. EDEN was rewarded for his negotiation of the French commercial treaty by an Irish peerage and the Spanish Embassy. It was on his return from Spain that he became a peer of Great Britain. His brother, Mr. MORTON EDEN, though he held high diplomatic appointments, only attained the rank of an Irish peer with the title of Lord HENLEY. Amongst other reasons of convenience, the Minister of the day sometimes desired to confer a favour which was not incompatible with the continuance of the services of an adherent in the House of Commons; but, with the exception of Lord MORNINGTON, afterwards Marquess WELLESLEY, no Irish peer before the time of Lord PALMERSTON acquired a high Parliamentary position. The obscure debates and intrigues of the Irish House of Lords were conducted by natives, while Englishmen who happened to be titular peers of Ireland took no interest in the affairs of the kingdom from which their dignities were derived. It was at the same time usual to provide for English politicians by pensions charged on the Irish revenue, as in the case of the first Lord HOLLAND, which has been the subject of a recent controversy.

When the Irish Parliament ceased to exist, it was necessary to deal with the Irish peers, and the problem presented many difficulties. The lavish creations of former times were the sole cause of the embarrassment which has not yet been overcome. The number of Irish peers was out of all proportion to the claim of Ireland to representation in the House of Lords; and it was deemed impossible to make a selection. It only remained to follow the vicious precedent which had been established at the Union with Scotland a century before. The Irish peers were empowered to elect representatives, although experience had shown that a limited constituency would confine its choice to one political party. During the greater part of the interval which has elapsed since the Union, even the majority of the Irish peers have not really exercised their anomalous privilege of choice. For nearly forty years the Duke of WELLINGTON and the late Lord DERBY appointed the representative Irish peers, as the Minister of the day had formerly nominated the members for Government boroughs. PITT and CASTLEREAGH probably expected that the patronage would always be vested in the Crown. The circumstances which transferred the power of appointment to the Conservative leader, in or out of office, could not then have been foreseen. The constitutional objections which had proved fatal to the Whig India Bill of 1783 might have been urged with equal force against the advantage which the Act of Union eventually conferred on one political party. It was at least as invidious that the Duke of WELLINGTON should nominate peers to oppose the Government as that Mr. FOX and his friends should govern India in spite of the Crown and the Ministry. It would have been better to have admitted into the House of Lords the same number of peers according to seniority of creation; but it was necessary to secure the



assent of both Houses of the Irish Parliament to the Union, and it might have been impossible to overcome by place or pension the patriotic scruples of peers who would have foreseen that they and their descendants might be excluded from the House of Lords for an indefinite time. The unlucky device which was contrived for the purpose of perpetuating the Irish peerage was the work of the Minister himself. It was thought inexpedient to dispense altogether with a kind of patronage which had often been found useful to the Government, although the Crown since the Union has only been allowed to constitute one peerage in place of three which may have died out.

Lord STANHOPE judiciously declines to produce a comprehensive scheme for abating a nuisance which fortunately includes in itself an element of mortality. The QUEEN herself cannot extinguish the Irish peerage, but she can abstain from adding to its numbers. Some members of the body are from time to time absorbed into the peerage of the United Kingdom, and almost every family sooner or later ceases to be represented by male heirs. As the residue becomes smaller, the reduced constituency can scarcely exercise its functions less beneficially than at present. At some remote period the electors and representatives will be the same persons, and probably the coincidence may be anticipated by a benevolent Legislature or by the Crown. Lord SALISBURY, who thinks it possible that other changes in the Constitution may come sooner than the absorption of the Irish peerage, made the mistake of calculating the duration of the Irish peerage on the basis of Scotch experience. It is almost surprising that limitations of ancient peerages to heirs-general should have been in many instances exhausted. Irish peerages almost always descend exclusively to heirs-male; and most of them are not more than a century old. Even if Lord SALISBURY's reasoning had been well founded, it furnished no argument against Lord STANHOPE's moderate proposal. Unless some change takes place, the Irish peerage can never be exhausted, although its members will constantly diminish. If all the peerages which existed at the date of the Union had become extinct, a hundred spurious or artificial peers of later creation might still survive to perplex future reformers. There is no longer any reason for increasing or maintaining the honorary patronage of the Crown. Recent Ministers have distributed titles and peerages with blameable profusion; and it is fortunate that they have no longer been able to create an unlimited number of Irish peers. A Liberal Minister might perhaps have been tempted to reverse the majority which now returns representatives of the opposite party. If he had effected his object, his rival and successor would have thought himself justified in restoring the former preponderance of Conservative electors.

The LORD CHANCELLOR's solemn lecture on the irregularity of Lord STANHOPE's original motion was instructive to students of one of the most useless branches of knowledge. Those who may hereafter engage in the controversy will know that prerogative, being a part of the Common Law, cannot have been enlarged by the Act of Union; and Lord CAIRNS has also shown that statutory powers conferred on the Crown cannot be abandoned, even in deference to addresses from either House of Parliament. Those who nevertheless think an Irish peerage a superfluity will be consoled for the loss of a cherished illusion by the discovery that the same object which was erroneously contemplated by Lord STANHOPE's proposed address to the Crown may be attained by the change of two or three words in the form of motion. As the QUEEN and her successors will probably, at the instance of the House of Lords, abstain from exercising the power of creating Irish peers, the peerages will gradually diminish in number until they are at last ripe for absorption. The whole question is not of primary importance, but in small things as in great it is better to be in the right. It remains to be seen whether, in the judgment of Home Rule members, a new injury and insult will have been inflicted on Ireland. Mr. BUTT has always adhered to the fiction of an Irish Parliament including Lords as well as Commons. The conspiracy of alien Ministers with independent peers to annihilate the materials of an Irish House of Lords may naturally excite suspicion. It is true that Mr. BUTT's followers rely principally on democratic agitation, and that at present scarcely a single peer would consent to take his seat in a provincial Parliament; but the loss of even the feeblest argument for the repeal of the Union may afford ground

of complaint. The history of the Irish House of Lords is not glorious, but there was a time when the aristocracy felt themselves secure enough to dally with sedition. The Bishop of DERRY, who was also Earl of BRISTOL, competed with Lord CHARLEMONT for the direction of the movement for independence. When the English Government was embarrassed by the French and American war, Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD engaged more deeply in rebellion, but at that time he stood alone among Irishmen of rank. At the present day even Irish peers may be trusted to abide by institutions in which they are deeply interested. Mr. BUTT's House of Lords, if it could by any possibility meet, would at once vote for reunion with Great Britain.

#### M. RENAN ON UNIVERSITIES.

M. ERNEST RENAN has lately written a letter to the *Journal des Débats*, in which he gives his reasons for disliking the law by which the freedom of the higher education is in future to be secured in France. In principle M. RENAN has something in common with the advocates both of the old and the new system. He dislikes the monopoly of teaching at present enjoyed by the State University, and he dislikes the consequences which he believes will follow from the establishment of free Universities. He believes that all the advantages which can reasonably be demanded by the advocates of the latter might be had without abandoning the principle that the University belongs to the State. But his conception of a State University is something altogether different from that of the section of French Liberals which has been opposing the passing of the new law. This latter party wish the State to teach what it thinks it best for young men to learn, and they mostly assume, as a matter of course, that what it is best for young men, and especially for Catholic young men, to learn will be that which Catholic parents do not wish them to learn. M. RENAN does not wish the State to teach anything. Its function in his eyes is simply to see that all who think they have anything to teach shall have an opportunity of teaching it. Universities are the lists in which the intellectual tournament is held. The business of the State is to make the necessary police regulations, to pay the expenses, and then, when the ground is prepared and the fairness of the combat ensured, to throw the field open to the "eternal dispute" without itself taking any part in it. This, says M. RENAN, was the idea which was so rich in magnificent results in the middle ages in France, and has done so much for Germany since. The true solution of the problem of the higher education can only be found in a return to it. That "barbarism," the University of France, should be suppressed, and in its room there should be established seven or eight Universities in as many French cities. M. RENAN would begin with the University of Paris, because Paris already possesses the five indispensable Faculties. Lyons should be the next city chosen, and others would follow by degrees. It would be important to move slowly in order not to outrun the supply of competent teachers, and at no time should the number of eight be exceeded. The establishment of too many Universities would be fatal to all of them. Better have no University than a feeble University—a University which is a school of idleness for its own students and an example of idleness to others.

The essential feature of these Universities, in M. RENAN's estimation, should be the existence, side by side with the paid professors, of an unlimited number of unpaid teachers. Every person provided with certain prescribed guarantees of competent knowledge should have the right to give notice to the Dean of a Faculty of his desire to give a course of lectures on one of the subjects included in it. The Dean would then assign him a lecture-room and an hour. The fees paid by the students attending the lecture would be handed over to the teacher, and he would not be allowed to lecture without a fee. Every student in the Faculty would be free to attend these lectures, and no inquiry would be made on the day of examination whether they had attended any other. Every student whose name appeared on the register of the Faculty would have a right to be examined without regard to the use he had made of his time while at the University. The fees charged by the regular professors should be the same as those charged by the private lecturers. The only difference would be that the former would receive a fixed salary in

addition. Does not this plan, asks M. RENAN, give all the freedom of teaching that even the most susceptible of all schools of opinion, Catholic opinion, can possibly wish for? No one will be shut out from the Chairs endowed by the State by reason of his being a Catholic. More than one career has been marred for want of orthodoxy, but where is the career in France to which orthodoxy has been an obstacle? If, in spite of the endowed Chairs being open to Catholics, the Church finds that she is poorly represented in them, she will have nothing to do but to start two or three young private teachers to defend orthodox ideas in additional courses of lectures. Catholic students will have the right of attending these private courses, and of attending no others, and in this way Christianity will have a far better chance of recommending itself to the world than if its apologists were shut up in separate institutions.

There is no need to inquire into the results which M. RENAN hopes to reap from such a system as this. It will be more to the purpose to consider what it is that will make the Catholic party sure to oppose it. First of all, they will certainly say that the proposal comes too late. For forty years the French Catholics have been demanding freedom of education, and during all that time it has been withheld from them under Liberal influence. They have now succeeded in getting it, and it was on the very eve of their victory that M. RENAN came forward to suggest a compromise. Do not accept, he says, what the Assembly offers you; something less than that will really be better for you. I know your constitution better than you do yourselves, and, believe me, you will gain more by the right of setting up teachers in the State Universities than by the right of setting up private Universities. The time for telling the Catholics all this has gone by. The attempt should have been made while the monopoly of the State University was still unchallenged. Then it would have been appropriate, because the State would have had something to give up, instead of, as now, the surrender being all on the other side. M. RENAN must now convince his opponents, not merely that his plan promises to serve their turn better than the State monopoly which they have so long endured, but also that it promises to serve their turn better than the system which they have at length been able to substitute for the State monopoly. This will be a less easy task than M. RENAN perhaps imagines. His appeal might have weight with a robust Catholicism, but the Catholicism which at present prevails in France is essentially not robust. The authors of the new law of the higher education profess to want liberty of teaching; but what they really wish for is protection for Catholic teaching. Under the old system, the University of Paris taught freethinking, or what the clergy regard as freethinking, to every young man who desired to obtain a University degree. M. RENAN proposes that in the seven or eight Universities which he would like to see set up in the place of the University of France, freethinking and orthodoxy should be taught side by side. Secure to each a fair field and no favour, and let the best cause win. Whether it be from distrust in itself or from distrust of French youth, this is not at all what the Church wants. It aims at setting up Universities of its own, Universities in which the teaching will be fenced round with a sufficient apparatus of orthodoxy, and no breath of rival doctrine will be allowed to find its way into the sacred precincts. Wider knowledge of the world, and a more accurate estimate of human nature, would teach Catholics of this school that in the long run M. RENAN's plan is the more likely of the two to answer the purpose which they profess to have in view. In the first place, a University such as he describes would afford much better training even to Catholic teachers. In a protected University orthodoxy may of itself be a sure road to success. The authorities of the University have the appointment of the teachers, and the students have no choice but to accept such teaching as is given them. In such a University as is conceived by M. RENAN the process is reversed. It is not what a man teaches so much as how he teaches it that determines the number of his scholars. Consequently there is a rivalry between different schools, whether of philosophy or of science or of religion, to be represented by their best men, and to see that the men by whom they will have to be represented are as good as they can make them. If a creed has any life in it, it is far more likely to be fostered and brought out by this process than by the other, and the process which best brings out what life there is in a creed must in the long

run be the process which does most to propagate it. As regards the opinions of which M. RENAN himself is the representative, it is safe to say that the system of protected Universities will not suppress them. He himself is an instance, as others have been before him, that strict theological training in youth is no guarantee for theological orthodoxy in later life. The conflict of ideas may conceivably be excluded from a University, though even that is in these days eminently improbable, but it will be waiting for the students outside. If they are found less prepared for it than their teachers hoped, it will be the fault of a system which was afraid to ascertain whether those teachers could hold their own against all comers.

#### THE GENS.

WE were reading the other day the striking scene towards the end of *Waverley*, where the faithful clansman asks the English Judge to take the lives of himself and five others of his fellows in exchange for the life of his chief Vich Ian Vohr. Presently Fergus himself, when asking Waverley to do anything that he can for his suffering clansmen, and to remember that he once became one of them by adoption, adds that, after all, Waverley can never be to them Vich Ian Vohr, and that being Vich Ian Vohr or not is the root of the whole matter. Now, besides the magic of the whole story, there is something taking in the mysterious and unknown sounds of the Gaelic title. Vich Ian would seem to be sadly robbed of its romance if it were translated into plain Johnson. But this certainly is not all; the proposal certainly has a finer sound when it is made on behalf of Vich Ian than if we could conceive it made on behalf of Johnson; but, if for Johnson we should substitute Fitzgerald or anything else which might be thought to have a grander sound, the proposal would still be equally strange to English ideas. Fitzgerald is as incapable as Johnson of forming any parallel to Vich Ian Vohr. If Englishmen could ever have entered into the feeling out of which the proposal arises, it must have been before recorded history begins. Not that Englishmen in any age might not have been capable of equal self-sacrifice; but at no recorded time would Englishmen have been led to the self-sacrifice by exactly the same line of thought. We can conceive six sons offering their lives for their father, six subjects for their king, six soldiers for their military commander. In our early history we have many stories of personal devotion shown by men to their personal lord which at first sight seem closely akin to the devotion of the Highlander to his chief. But the devotion of the clansmen to Vich Ian Vohr as Vich Ian Vohr is not exactly the same as any of these. It differs from the devotion of the man to his lord, because this last was a relation voluntarily contracted, while the relation of the clansman to his chief was not. The men who died for Cynewulf and Cyneheard had chosen them as their lords; but Evan Maccombich had not chosen Vich Ian Vohr; he was ready to die for him because he was Vich Ian Vohr. The chief is something of a father, because his whole position rests on the theory that he is the head of the kin of which the rest of the clan are members. He is something of a king, and very much of a military commander; but his position in both these characters springs wholly from his position as something of a father. Still the feeling towards him is not the same as that felt towards either father, king, or commanding officer. It is a feeling towards a superior who is also a kinsman, who is a superior only because he is a kinsman, to which other relations of life supply nothing which is exactly parallel.

What the *gens*, kin, or clan is, has been explained by more than one modern writer. It would be wrong to call it either a strictly natural or a merely artificial family. It would be unsafe in any case, and it would be clearly wrong in some cases, to say that all the members of the *gens* were really natural descendants of a common forefather; but it is none the less true that the *gens* springs out of the family, and is a partly natural, partly artificial, enlargement of it. The *gens* consists of the natural descendants of a common forefather, together with those who are his descendants only by virtue of a legal fiction. The Roman practice of adoption gives the clue to the whole thing. That practice is clearly inconsistent with absolute purity of blood, and that is doubtless the reason why Cicero, in his well-known definition of *gentiles*, does not mention community of blood. But the *gens* none the less springs out of the family, and takes the family for granted, so that other writers speak of the members of the *gens* as kinsmen, and as deriving their common name from their common forefather. That is to say, the *gens* is in its origin a real family, but it is enlarged by the incorporation of merely artificial members. Scott's own story gives us an example. Waverley himself, who was certainly not of the blood of Vich Ian Vohr, was adopted into his clan. And though he himself, as Fergus said, could never be Vich Ian Vohr to the clansmen, yet, had Waverley lived permanently with them, his descendants in a few generations might have seemed to be as fully its members as the descendants of an *Æmilius* adopted into the *gens Cornelia*. The analogy between the Roman *gentes* and the Scottish clans seems absolutely perfect, except in one point. The Roman *gens* has no chief; there is no man in it who fills the place of Vich Ian Vohr. Among all the



many branches of the Cornelian *gens*, there is no man who is specially the Cornelian. The cause of this difference is doubtless that, while the Scottish clans kept a wild independence and acted as distinct political bodies, the Roman *gentes* at an early stage became members of an orderly commonwealth. The great battle between the MacDonaldis and the Campbells fills a place in very recent history; but in no recorded age could there have been a battle between the Fabii and the Julii. This is, in fact, one of the differences which distinctively follow on the city life of the Southern nations. When *gentes* were formed into *curie*, *curie* into tribes, and tribes into a city, there could be no one answering to Vich Ian Vohr. The loyalty which in an earlier state of things might have seemed due to the chief was now due only to the commonwealth and its magistrates. We have then the curious phenomenon in the history of comparative politics that one of the common Aryan institutions should have gone on in our own island almost to our own day in a form which had come to an end in Rome and Athens before the beginning of recorded history. But it is almost more singular that the traces of the existence of such an institution in our own nation should hardly get beyond the evidence of local nomenclature. No one capable of judging doubts that the endless names in English local nomenclature which take the gentile form, those namely in which the patronymic *ing* is really in its place, and has not, as it has in several names, crept in where it has no business, really mark the common occupation of the spot by a *gens*. Yet the *gens* cannot be said to play any part in English history; everything seems with us to have become local at a very early stage. The feeling of loyalty which in the clan system belong to the chief, belongs with us to the lord chosen at his man's own free will. There is nothing whatever to show that the *gesithas* who surrounded a king or alderman were, as a rule, his kinsfolk, any more than Patroklos was a kinsman of Achilles. While the name of the Highland clan, the Mac this or that, still goes on as a surname, or something more than a surname, the memory of the English *gens* is kept up only in the name of the place which its settlement made its *home* or *town*, but whose present inhabitants may have nothing to do with it. We read the other day an account of Lastingham in Yorkshire—that is, of course, the home of the Lastingas. The writer objects to the derivation that there is no record of any such family as the Lastings. One cannot help guessing that he looked for some account of the Lastings in the parish register or in the county history.

In dealing with the *gens* as springing out of the feeling of kindred, we must remember that it is the feeling of kindred in one particular form. The *gens* consists of those who are, either by natural descent or by a legal fiction, sprung from a common forefather in the male line; descent through the mother goes for nothing. This is the more to be noticed, because one of the closest of ties in early times is one which goes wholly through the mother. In most early forms of society the tie between a man and his sister's son is one which is held to be specially endearing, specially binding. But it is a purely personal tie; it is one which has nothing to do with the legal obligations of the *gens*; for it is plain that the son of a man's sister would in most cases not be a member of the same *gens* as himself. We see the effect of the tie at Rome as well as elsewhere. The adopted son was very often a sister's son, or some other kinsman in the female line. But this was simply because the uncle or other kinsman was guided to such a choice by his own personal feelings. The constitution of the *gens* had nothing to do with it. The son of a Fabia had, as such, nothing to do with the *gens* Fabia. If his uncle Fabius had need to adopt a son, he might be more likely to adopt him than anybody else. But if the uncle chose rather to adopt an utter stranger, he had a perfect right so to do; the stranger so adopted became his son for all purposes of law, and became as truly a member of the Fabian *gens* as if he had sprung of the blood of the primeval eponymous hero.

We see then two feelings which sprang from the same source, but which gradually took two different shapes. There is the general feeling of nearness of blood, on whatever side the nearness of blood may lie, one of the most remarkable forms of which is the special tie between a man and his sister's son. Then there is the more definite feeling for the *kin*, which, under the influence of religious ideas and legal fictions, stiffens into the doctrine of the *gens*, and often places artificial kindred, created by a legal act, on a level with real kindred by blood. We have seen the forms which this last doctrine took among the Romans, the Scots, and the English, and how very different its fate was in the three cases. From ourselves the notion of the *gens*, whether as a religious or a legal institution, has passed away for at least a thousand years. But the feelings out of which it rose can never altogether die out. It is however worth while to see how much the true theory of the *gens* is affected by the modern doctrine of primogeniture. Where the clan has a chief, the chieftainship may go according to primogeniture, or according to any other law which may be fixed by usage. But the general law of primogeniture, the giving a preference to the eldest son in each particular household, seems inconsistent with the true theory of the *gens*. It has a tendency to give an importance to mere wealth, and to consequent social position, for which the original doctrine allows no place. One Cornelius might be poor and another rich; but the poor Cornelius was as much a Cornelius as the rich one, and had exactly the same rights as a member of the common *gens*. Sulla himself, the proudest of patricians, sprang from very small beginnings in the way of property and immediate ancestry. But he was a Cornelius all the same, and could at once take his place as such. Where the system of primogeniture is in force, a poor and undistinguished branch of the family

is often forgotten to be any branch of the family at all. For the mere feeling of kindred naturally dies out when the kindred goes beyond a few easily remembered degrees, and it is apt to become weaker in the case of kinsmen who fall greatly below the social position of the head of the family. But, when the original notion of kindred is strengthened by definite religious and legal sanctions, the remembrance of the tie cannot die out in the same way. As long as the Scottish clan remained a reality, there might be wide differences in wealth and position between the members of the same clan, but the tie of clanship never could die out.

The working of the general feeling of kindred, and the working of that special form of it out of which the gentile relation sprang, may of course be traced as a matter of feeling in cases where anything like the legal institution of the *gens* has long since been forgotten. We see people who set infinite store by kindred of any kind, who feel a strong tie to every one who has the faintest community of blood with themselves, through whatever line that community of blood may be traced. This may exist alongside of the gentile feeling, but it is distinct from it. But we see the true gentile feeling wherever there is a marked sentiment of family pride, of that attachment to the house and name which is something quite different from mere general kindness to kinsfolk of all kinds. We often see people who really believe in their own stock and name, and who, whether they would consciously put the belief into words or not, practically speak and act as if their own stock and name was something perhaps superior to, certainly distinct from, the rest of mankind. This is essentially the gentile spirit, but it is, as we have before said, largely modified by that result of the doctrine of primogeniture which is apt to draw the line a little too narrowly, and to shut out kinsfolk the acknowledgment of whose gentile rights might be inconvenient. But the greatest sign of the surviving gentile spirit is to be seen in that burlesque of the Roman practice of adoption whereby people whose real name and stock have died out so often try to continue their name and stock by artificial means. Sometimes a man takes the name of his grandmother, for the very rational reason that so to do is the condition of his inheriting such and such property. In such a case the folly lies with him who makes the bequest, not with him who accepts it. In other cases a man takes the name of his grandmother simply because he thinks it finer than his own. But in either case the practice is a mere burlesque of the real Roman adoption. When Publius Cornelius Scipio adopted his cousin Lucius Æmilius, Æmilius really became Cornelius for all religious and legal purposes. But there was no attempt to pass a man off as something which he was not. The artificial character of the business was thoroughly understood, and, as Cicero's definition shows, no one thought that all Cornelli were necessarily kinsmen in the natural sense. But when Gould calls himself Morgan, when Williams calls himself Wynn, when Smithson calls himself Percy, there is a real deception; a man is really passed off for something which he is not. The artificial nature of the business is forgotten—it is perhaps meant to be forgotten—and in a generation or two many people honestly think that the man who is called Morgan, Wynn, or Percy, really is Morgan, Wynn, or Percy, in the male line. It is a curious sight to see near the gate of Alnwick Castle the name of Percy over the doors of men following very humble crafts. We cannot guarantee their descent from the Percy of Domesday, or even from the second line which came over from Lower Lotharingia. But their actual kindred with the old stock is at least not unlikely; their clanship, according to Roman notions, we may set down as absolutely certain. They would at least be in the position of those lower members of the clan six of whose lives were needed to be equal to the one life of Vich Ian Vohr. Under the old gentile system they would have had some place; as it is, they keep their ancient name, and their ancient name only.

#### WIVES AND HOUSEWIVES.

AN old lady famous for her dairy produce, and quite satisfied with the increasing prices she could command for her milk and butter, told her steward she wished him to attend a neighbouring fair in order to buy her a cow. She explained to him that it must be young, well bred, fine in the skin, a strawberry in colour, straight in the back, and not given to breaking through fences when it smelt clover on the other side; above all, it was not to cost more than 10*l*. The steward, who was a Scotchman and a privileged old servant, bowed his head and replied reverently, "Then, my lady, I think ye had better kneel down and pray for her, for ye'll get her nae other way, I'm thinkin'." Many people besides this old lady flatter themselves that they can obtain the impossible. We all sometimes forget that with other times come other manners, and that the nineteenth century does not necessarily produce the cream of all the ages. It is the fashion at present to assume that by judicious training we can turn out any number of a new species of young women. They are to combine all the housewifely talents of our great-grandmothers with the intellectual advancement which comes of Cambridge examinations. Young men of refined tastes but small incomes are supposed to decline marriage at present because they cannot find wives who shall at the same time be Minervas and good cooks. The new species is to supply the demand. By attending schools of cookery and lectures on "the daily wants of man and animals," they will be able to fill the place assigned to

them. These ideal wives are to be sensible and pleasing, if not absolutely pretty. They are to be intellectual companions and always well dressed. They must be first-rate cooks and moderately good musicians, devoted mothers and clear in their political and religious views. Above all, they must be quite convinced that to make some man perfectly comfortable is the highest aim of female existence. This is surely a little unreasonable. We do sometimes meet women combining the intellectual, the useful, and the ornamental, but they are rare. A woman of exceptional talent and with perfect health is no doubt able to get through an enormous amount of work. She can manage to do a great many things, and to do them all well. We certainly have had one Mrs. Somerville, but then for one Mrs. Somerville we have a thousand Doras. Because a few clever women who would make their mark anywhere can do wonders in domestic economy, there is no reason to expect ordinary English girls, with moderate abilities and perhaps delicate health, to fill ably a most trying and laborious position. Indeed, young women have rather a hard time of it at present. Solomon's paragon of wifely perfection is always being thrown in their teeth. They are constantly reminded by their pious friends how she looked well to the ways of her household, and rose before daylight to make the breakfast instead of coming down at ten o'clock. These kind mentors forget to add that King Solomon is not at all sure whether such a prize as his virtuous woman is really to be found. He is certainly most careful not to endow this apparently imaginary character with any personal charms. He expressly speaks of beauty as a "vain" thing. He does not say that she played upon an instrument of ten strings, nor does she seem to have expounded the Law and the Prophets even to her handmaids. She is, however, described as having plenty of muscle, in which our modern young women are no doubt sadly deficient. Solomon, like all wise men, seems to have been before his age, for he advocates "Woman's Rights," and advises that his paragon, when she can be found, may have "the fruit of her hands." She certainly deserves no less. But even if this virtuous woman could be found, she would not satisfy us nowadays. The allegory of *Redmah* has more basis of truth in it than most of us are willing to allow. It would certainly take three average English girls well mixed to make one model wife of the type quite common in the stories now current illustrating good and bad household management. Social reformers who embody their theories in the guise of fiction enjoy great advantages. They are saved the trouble of having to grapple with inconvenient facts. The story can be made to any pattern, and there is no reason to allow existing difficulties to interfere with the symmetrical arrangement of the plot. "Our parish" in a story-book can in six months, or even less, be changed from a den of lions into the garden of all the graces. A dove-eyed "sister" and a model curate can reclaim most of the reprobates. A severe epidemic can be made use of to carry off those hardened sinners whose complete regeneration in this world would have been almost too much of a traveller's tale to present to the most indulgent public.

We take up at random one of the many stories on social subjects with which every bookseller's counter is littered. It is on house-keeping. The principal character is a pretty and harmless young girl. She is married to a man whose only fault seems to be that he has only five hundred a year instead of five thousand. Even on this small pittance he manages to give her a pair of diamond and turquoise earrings. We confess to a sincere pity for the poor wife, but such emotion is sinful and we have crushed it. The good girl of the story is one of those proverbial beings whom we, perhaps erroneously, believe to be nearly related to the race who live in glass houses. This pattern and very young matron marries, of course, the man of her heart. The man of her heart has not a very long purse; its exact depth is not mentioned, but he has considerably under the income of the thriftless couple who have five hundred a year. His industry and integrity are intense. This matchless couple can only afford one small servant. To get through her work she is obliged to rise at half-past five, which she seems to do willingly, thanks to the atmosphere in which she lives. The master and mistress rise soon after, and breakfast is served at seven in summer and at half-past in winter. They are sustained in their early rising by a luxurious meal prepared by the lady the day before. After this well-appointed repast, and when her husband has gone off to his work, she proceeds to what she calls her "kitchen fancy work." This consists of first going out marketing, and then returning to prepare appetizing dishes for her husband's evening meal. "Bread, cakes, pastry, potted meats, and every kind of preserve were made by her own hands." Nor are the poor neglected. She has not of course much money to spare, nor, we would have thought, much time. However, she manages to make and distribute nourishing meals to the pensioners recommended to her by the clergy of her parish. In the afternoon she is disengaged for needlework, reading, writing letters, and paying and receiving visits. In the evening she waits for her husband with open arms. We will hope that he does not often miss his train so as to keep her longer than is absolutely necessary in that fatiguing posture. The maid-of-all-work in spotless cap and apron forms the background of this pleasing picture, and brings up for supper the gastronomic achievements of her mistress's morning labours. In the evenings the young couple garden or build fowl-houses. Sometimes the wife makes home melodious with her sweetly sung songs, but she throws aside every occupation in which her husband takes no share. When he brings home a friend from town, it is to be entertained by her lively and sensible conversation.

One day the thriftless girl of the story, who is a cousin, comes to dine. This is the bill of fare, all prepared at home, and, as far as we can calculate from the items given, costing only eight shillings and fivepence:—Palestine soup, with *croûtons* fried to perfection; soles *au gratin*; stewed beef of the most enticing description; a fowl "stuffed with some delicious and mysterious compound of pork and shalot, and covered with a white sauce"; tartlets, a lemon pudding, and a cold *soufflé*. Everything is perfection, and no cloud of anxiety crosses the face of our young housewife as the covers are removed. She sits with ladylike ease, for she has looked well to the ways of her household, and brought her food from afar. We get another glimpse of her after ten years of marriage. In real life she would probably be a worn-out woman with nine children. She would possibly possess the beauty and tenderness of motherhood, but would no longer be addicted to giving little dinners. A story-teller can, however, have it all her own way. The children are prudently limited to four. The husband has trebled his income. He has put by for each child at its birth a provision which will amount to a small fortune when it comes of age. Health and happiness reign everywhere. Virtue is rewarded as it ought to be, and is not elsewhere. The unthrifty and frivolous wife of the book is removed from this earthly scene of butchers and bakers, and the long-suffering husband is provided with a wife of the correct pattern, which is, however, scarcely necessary, as an old lady who heard of his troubles, and watched him out of a back window, leaves him a fortune. We have given an outline of this story merely as a sample of many now published. They find a ready sale, because the problem of how to combine comfort and elegance on a small income is one of the questions of the day. We scarcely think it can be solved by drawing pictures of a species of young ladies whose supply is likely to be so limited as to be almost inappreciable.

If young men whose incomes are under five hundred pounds a year were bound over not to marry any one who had not earned a diploma in domestic management and elementary physiology, a race might be produced by a process of artificial selection who would be able and willing to do all that is required of them. This new race could not marry before five-and-twenty, for, having to learn so many things, they would have to continue their education much longer than at present. This would, however, have the advantage of giving their constitution time to harden. But love, that unfortunate disturber of the best-laid schemes, steps in, and men marry pretty little nonentities without diplomas for the foolish reason that they like them. They must be prepared to take the consequences, and must not expect the pleasant girl they met at a ball to turn into the housewife of the Proverbs, with the accomplishments thrown in. In households where there are grown-up spinsters it is most desirable that they should help in the work of the house. They should spare no pains to add to the comfort and elegancies of their home. They ought to learn cooking and nursing, plain sewing, and everything that is useful. On the other hand, it can scarcely in reason be expected that a young married woman with children, and with only the assistance of a raw girl, should cook for hours every day, dust her rooms, nurse her babies, keep up her accomplishments, and retain her hold on society and her husband. Perhaps a little wholesome simplicity, and war to the knife with Mrs. Grundy, might do more for the happiness of young couples with limited means than an attempt on the part of the wives to do the work of three servants, and to keep up an appearance of having nothing to do but to amuse themselves.

#### M. DE LAVELEYE ON ULTRAMONTANE POLICY.

IT is an old and very true remark that the *odium theologicum* is by no means confined to any one theological or anti-theological party. Liberals are apt to denounce it as a peculiar characteristic of the orthodox, but in fact it flourishes with equal fervour among the assailants and the champions of Christianity, and of this or that particular form of Christianity. M. de Laveleye, as is well known, has lately been discussing the comparative morality of Catholic and Protestant countries, and he discusses it with a very strong and evident bias against what is at present the dominant phase of opinion and sentiment in the Roman Catholic Church, Ultramontanism. He has since then contributed a remarkable paper on "The European Situation" to the *Fortnightly Review*, and in it he examines what may be called the political aspect of Ultramontanism. Not that this is the sole or even the principal subject of his paper, most of which is taken up with a general review of the political situation, and the impending, if not inevitable, danger of the outbreak of a European war, or series of wars, resulting from the "great change in the equilibrium of Europe" brought about by the "bewildering success" of the Germans in their conquest over France. The article closes with the prophecy, worthy of Cassandra, that "there must still be many massacres" before the nations understand that it can never really be their interest to seek an augmentation of territory, and that the smallest countries are the happiest. That there is only too much truth in many of the suggestions and warnings contained in M. de Laveleye's paper we are not at all prepared to dispute. It is, however, to that part of it which deals with the religious difficulty, or, as the writer regards it, the Ultramontane conspiracy against the tranquillity of Europe, that we desire to call attention here. That there is a good deal of truth in what the writer says on this point also we are ready to admit, and



indeed we took occasion not long ago to refer to the subject ourselves. But his way of looking at the religious crisis, especially in Germany, where of course it comes most conspicuously into notice just now, is so one-sided, not to say paradoxical, that it can hardly be explained except by that intensity of religious prejudice which is so common among rival politicians and pamphleteers on the Continent. One is irresistibly reminded of the "cry of alarm" raised by the Abbé Michaud—a writer differing in many respects from M. de Laveleye, but sharing his hatred of Ultramontanist—at "the terrible dangers which threaten France and the Church of Christ from the essentially political Ultramontane and Jesuit party which now dominates the Church." There is unquestionably such a party, which has made and is making its influence felt both in secular and ecclesiastical matters, and has shown itself powerful for mischief. But it is fair to remember that its excesses have been more than equalled, if they have not been provoked, by those of an infidel party, also powerful on the Continent. We do not propose, however, to enter now on the wide question of the relative aggressiveness of the Ultramontane and Secularist propaganda. M. de Laveleye's comments point to the narrower, but more pertinent, inquiry how far Ultramontanist is responsible for the present complications in Europe.

"A war to the death is engaged between the German Empire and Ultramontanist." That there are abundant reasons to account, as for the origin of the struggle in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, so also for the probability of a renewal of war between France and Germany at no distant date, quite irrespectively of any religious considerations, is of course not denied. Indeed a great part of the article is taken up with expounding some, and especially one, of these reasons. "The conquest of Alsace," we are told truly enough, "is an inexpiable cause of war between Germany and France"; and other causes, only second to this in cogency, are enumerated. Nevertheless, the principal ground of apprehension is Ultramontanist; and here it is intimated that the fault lies wholly on one side. "The ecclesiastical laws which have furnished the struggle in Prussia between the priesthood and the State contain in themselves nothing violent or unjust." Our readers will observe the admission in the words we have italicized that the Falk laws are the real *fons et origo mali*. It is added certainly that they contain nothing unjust, a point which has been so often discussed in our columns that we do not care to return to it here further than to observe that, even supposing the grievance so bitterly resented could be proved to be only a "sentimental" one, a wise statesman would not on that account be the less anxious, if possible to remedy, and still more to avoid creating or fostering it. The best way of bringing the quarrel to an end, we are told, would be to adopt the American system of the complete separation of Church and State; "but Rome has invariably condemned that system, and so long as the State pays the ministers of religion, it is impossible to refuse a certain right of control." To which disjunctive argument there are two very obvious replies. In the first place, the question is not whether an Established Church should be wholly exempted from civil control—which even the German Bishops would hardly venture to maintain—but what kind and amount of control the State is to exercise. No English reader, at all events, will be at a loss to understand the importance of the distinction. In the next place, whatever abstract principles the Pope may have enunciated about the separation of Church and State, it has been accepted, not to say welcomed, as an actual fact, by the Roman Catholic Church in several countries of both the old and new world, and there can be little doubt that the Prussian Bishops would greatly prefer it to the *status quo* if the choice were offered them. But they have had no such option, nor would it be at all consistent with Prince Bismarck's policy, or indeed with the recognized administrative system of the country, to allow them the option. M. de Laveleye must be aware of this, for he adds, with a frankness worthy of the Prince-Chancellor himself, that the Germans consider such a system good only for Protestant countries, where, it is implied, the religious power is too weak to give the State any trouble. In Germany, therefore, the existing system must be maintained, and the conflict is inevitable, the more so as "it has broken out in all the Catholic countries—in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Belgium, in Ireland." This must mean, if it means anything, that the same conflict which is now being carried on in Germany has broken out in the countries just specified. Yet it is marvellous that so clear-headed a writer should fall into such an utter confusion of thought. There is an Ultramontane party of course in all these countries as well as in others that might be named, but in none of them is there any contest so close and desperate as that now being waged between Church and State in Prussia; still less do their Governments feel that, "in fighting Ultramontanist, they are defending their own existence." In France, as M. Michaud bitterly complains, the Government finds it convenient to play into the hands of the Ultramontanes; in Spain it is difficult to say whether there is any Government at all, but it is certainly not fighting Ultramontanist; in Italy, notwithstanding Papal anathemas, the rival powers are virtually and increasingly cultivating amicable relations with each other; in Belgium the Ultramontanes are not at war with the State, but form one of the two great parties which are alternately in office and in opposition; and in Ireland, the last and least felicitous example in this strange induction, where both systems have been alternately tried, experience certainly does not incline our statesmen to prefer the policy of persecution. Is that policy destined to

succeed in Prussia? M. de Laveleye, if we rightly understand him, thinks it is necessary, and yet must necessarily fail.

We must "clearly understand" that "in fighting Ultramontanist the Empire is defending its own existence." This must be so, for "Prince Bismarck said it in all truth in the tribune at Berlin." He has said it several times both in the tribune and elsewhere, but whether "in all truth" is another matter. It may be quite true that at present "Ultramontanist is the natural bond of all the enemies of Prussia." But why is this so? M. de Laveleye has already told us that the ecclesiastical laws are the cause of the struggle, and he now repeats still more distinctly that "no ecclesiastical will submit to" them; while, on the other hand, "the opposition of the clergy would have been latent, and not very energetic" if they had never been enacted, and "the Government made a blunder" in enacting them. And then he goes on to urge, what has often been pointed out before, and is too obvious to require any lengthened argument, that the resistance of the religious sentiment cannot be put down by any less effective machinery than "sword and stake," which is of course not available in the present day. And thus we are brought back again to the old question, Why was that resistance provoked? M. de Laveleye has already told us both that the State could and could not have avoided the conflict. His final reply is, if possible, darker still. The answer was supplied to him "by a German statesman, who is better able than any one else to explain the conduct of his Government," and whom we may perhaps presume to be no other than the Imperial Chancellor himself. "The war against Ultramontanist was inevitable, for it conspires against us, and is bent on the destruction of the new Empire." M. de Laveleye says that "this explanation struck" him, and he appears to admit its truth. Yet it has not prevented him from twice before explaining that, if Ultramontanist is bent on destroying the Empire, it is for the very intelligible reason that the Empire was previously bent on destroying Ultramontanist. Nor does it prevent him from going on to explain the futility of the hopes entertained by German statesmen of weakening the Papacy at the death of Pius IX. by the creation of an anti-Pope, and the suicidal nature of the war which they are waging with Ultramontanist. "These blows will raise up partisans even among those who do not share its beliefs," and thus at last "the time will almost inevitably come when it will be able to unite in one group all the enemies of Germany." But if this be so, and if it is also true that, but for the Falk laws, the Catholic opposition would have been "latent"—which for all practical purposes means non-existent—what becomes of the "striking explanation" of the German statesman, and of the author's own assertion that "in fighting Ultramontanist the Empire is in reality defending its own existence"? It is strange that M. de Laveleye should fail to perceive that throughout the whole of this part of his article he is arguing in a vicious circle. That Ultramontanist and the German Empire are at this moment pitted against each other in an internecine conflict is a patent fact. The controverted point, which is of considerable practical as well as historical interest, is, who struck the first blow? And to this M. de Laveleye replies that it was struck by the Ultramontanes because they were conspiring against the Empire, and that they were conspiring against the Empire because it had made the blunder of striking the first blow at them. This way of stating the question at all events does not add any fresh validity to the unsolicited advice which Count Münster was good enough the other day to tender for our own guidance, that we should go and do likewise.

#### THE SEYYID'S VISIT.

THE late Mr. Bellew used to read *Hamlet* at a desk while dumb figures on a stage above him moved their arms and legs in illustration of the text. Thus, when Mr. Bellew mentioned that he had that within which passeth show, a man of sorrowful visage, clothed in black, laid his hand upon his breast and slowly shook his head, and when Mr. Bellew exclaimed, "Dead, for a duce, dead!" the same figure made vigorous lunges at a curtain. An exhibition somewhat similar to this has been presented by the Seyyid of Zanzibar and Dr. Badger. The figure was that of a prince of Arab blood, but the speech and the ideas were indisputably English. Mr. Bellew probably considered that mere reading of Shakspeare was a tame affair, and that the eyes as well as the ears of an audience should be occupied. In like manner Dr. Badger might discourse on missions with small result, but a new and striking effect is produced when the Seyyid is addressed on this subject and Dr. Badger answers for him.

The art of "working" an Oriental potentate who visits England has now been for some time cultivated with success, and it may be hoped that as long as political stagnation lasts at least one Sultan or Shah will be forthcoming annually to enliven the London season. The sayings and doings of these visitors are always interesting, and particularly when they are manipulated by some religious or political party for its own purposes. The Seyyid has been a pipe on which Dr. Badger has played his own tune. He saw at Windsor Castle a portrait of King Henry VIII., and, being naturally affected by its right royal aspect, he asked who it was. Dr. Badger told him that this was the King who cast out the idols, and Dr. Badger gave "other historical details," and we are told that the Seyyid betrayed a lively sympathy with the principal traits of Henry's character, and we quite believe it. Instead of writing a

book, which perhaps few people would read, about the Reformation, Dr. Badger settles an important chapter of history in a phrase which gets into the newspapers as current information of the day. Romanists may protest if they please against this occupation of the Seyyid by their opponents, and in an age of equal religious rights we incline to think that they as well as the Protestants ought to be allowed to play their tune upon him, although this might depend upon the question at whose expense he was imported. The India Museum contains what was once a favourite toy of Hyder Ali. A tiger is worrying an English soldier as a cat does a mouse, and the turning of a handle made the tiger growl over his prey to the great delight of the thoroughgoing enemy of England who owned this ingenious machine. Dr. Badger must surely have been guided by it to the invention of the Seyyid of Zanzibar, who, under skilful management, is made to utter pious and almost Protestant sentiments with a delightfully spontaneous air. The "historical details" of the reign of King Charles II. inform us that each religious party had a representative at his Court of the sex which had most influence there. The well-known speech of Nell Gwynne might be adapted to modern use by saying "this is the Protestant Sultan." The Romanists, if they are wise, will bring out their potentate next season, and they will show him a picture of King William III., and will tell him that this was a wicked king, an enemy of true religion, whose horse stumbled over a molehill, and he died. Of course this opposition Sultan will be awe-struck with the Queen's majesty and heart-wrung at the thought that her beloved consort has been taken from her, and will perform all popular tunes and also that which is peculiarly his own. He will probably find comfort in imitating the Seyyid of Zanzibar, who seems to apply in his travels the maxim that when you are at Rome you should do as the Romans do.

The daily chronicler of the Seyyid's movements tells us that he had abolished dancing at Zanzibar as frivolous and sinful, but he now seeks it at our theatres. Perhaps his view is, that dancing is only wicked when the performers are ugly or awkward, or possibly, like the daughter of a serious family who wished to go to a ball, he is only seeing the folly of amusement thoroughly. The historic details of the Seyyid's life in England are rather oddly thrown together. "He has received a good many tracts," and he has seen our shipping, and platelayers working on a railway; and, living opposite to the Park, and being surrounded by crowds as he goes to a succession of fêtes, he has expressed the opinion that London is a charming place for enjoyment, but that nobody works. It is difficult to discover whether the chronicler reckons the receipt of tracts as a business or a pleasure. However, to correct a false impression, the Seyyid was to be taken to some of our industries; and he also went to the House of Commons, where in a thin house Sir Harcourt Johnstone was moving for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts. It should have been explained to him that this was hard work, at least for the listeners. The plays which he saw were *Bluebeard* and *Round the World in Eighty Days*, and Miss Lydia Thompson may, we suppose, claim some of the credit of having taught him to regard dancing as neither frivolous nor sinful. We are told that the fact of his having put down dancing in Zanzibar is undoubted, but His Highness remarked that the negro dances "lead to excesses" which he had not discovered in England. The Lord Chamberlain will no doubt be glad to hear this commendation of his government, although it might be qualified by the remark that the Seyyid knows Zanzibar, and Lord Hertford or his advisers know or ought to know London. The simplicity of these chronicles makes them almost as entertaining as the Shah's Diary. Seyyid Barghash has become affected with a longing for dramatic spectacles, but he received a deputation from the Church Missionary Society. Did Dr. Badger translate to him the speeches in *Bluebeard* as well as the address of the deputation, or was he content with that part of a dramatic entertainment which is in all languages the same? We do not quite understand on what footing the Church Missionary Society approached him; of course if they asked for toleration and leave to distribute Bibles, that would be intelligible. But if they had spoken plainly, they would have told the Seyyid that he and his subjects held under the name of religion a mischievous delusion, and if they had gone into his room to tell him that, he might perhaps have requested them rather suddenly to walk out. We believe that when the Sultan went to the Crystal Palace expression was given to the idea that his religion and ours were the same thing under different names; but that is not the idea of the Church Missionary Society. Perhaps Mohammedanism, like dancing, is only objectionable in its excesses, which do not discover themselves in England; and certainly some consideration was due to a visitor who rose at 3 A.M. in order to get the bulk of his prayers done so that they might not interfere with his social engagements.

We learn from almost the last of the joint speeches of the Seyyid and Dr. Badger that an Arabic newspaper published at Constantinople has been giving to the Arab world accounts of the Seyyid's reception in London. If the speeches which Dr. Badger delivers on the Seyyid's behalf in English have been translated into Arabic for the readers of that newspaper, we feel sure that they must all admire the facility and, if we may so say, receptivity of the Seyyid's mind. The Italian who translated Shakespeare for Signor Salvini to act it has sometimes enlarged upon the text, and these amplifications are translated into English, which is added to Shakespeare's own words with a grotesque effect. We should think that Dr. Badger's speeches translated

into Arabic must be a good deal like these improvements upon Shakespeare. They would be Arabic in word, but unmistakably English in style. It has been remarked that spirits of departed worthies who have been induced to appear on call in America have adopted a distinctly nineteenth-century mode of speaking. In the same way we might think that Seyyid Barghash had lived in England for years, and had read the *Times* and the *Record* regularly. The liberty, enterprise, and industry of England are supposed to excite in the Seyyid's mind, not only admiration, but desire of imitation when he gets home. It might be interesting to hear what the eminent scholar who edits the Arabic newspaper at Constantinople thought of this passage about liberty. As regards enterprise, the Seyyid intimated at every large town he visited that the English would be welcome to bring as much money as they liked into his country. At Manchester he entreated his hearers to come and grow cotton in his dominions, and he promises a hot sun to ripen whatever crops they may raise there. In fact, we are to find the capital and he will find the sunshine, and perhaps some moonshine also. One of the stock subjects of the Badgerian orations was the slave trade. The Seyyid was made to remind his hearers that this country took much trouble and spent many millions before it got the American slave trade abolished, and he intimated that the slave trade in Zanzibar can only be abolished by the same method. Perhaps he means that he will undertake the trouble, and we may find the money. "On the subject of slavery, to which the Lord Mayor alluded in the toast," the Seyyid expresses the hope that before long the freedom of his people will be the freedom of Englishmen. He probably takes home with him a sketch of the House of Commons as it appeared when Sir Harcourt Johnstone moved the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, and when next anybody "alludes" to the subject of slavery, he will answer that he is about to establish representative institutions on our model, and that everybody shall be free in Zanzibar except frivolous and sinful dancers who are apt to push liberty into license. The dominions of his Highness are said to be well adapted for growing coffee and sugar, as well as cotton, and if such cultivation should be undertaken, it will of course be conducted with scrupulous regard to the personal liberty of the tillers of the soil. There is no slave trade to Australia, but some of the proceedings of the early importers of "labour" were thought by outside spectators to come to much the same thing. Enough has been said about the abolition of the slave trade in Zanzibar, and it may be interesting to observe what is done. The Lord Mayor assured his Highness that he must have derived information as well as pleasure from his visit, and that he would be expected, as Eastern potentates always are, to begin improving his dominions on his return. He must thank Heaven that, at any rate, he cannot take back our climate with him to Zanzibar. He will assure the Arab race that England is very fond of it, and we will hope that nobody told him that the term "Arab" among ourselves signifies nobility in horses, and poverty, squalor, and shiftiness in men. We almost wonder that some philanthropist did not introduce a party of "Arab" children to the Seyyid.

#### MORE SHIPS.

A PAMPHLET by Mr. T. Brassey, M.P. (Longmans'), conveys a useful warning against getting into a groove in ship-building. Whenever the House of Commons can be induced to pay any attention to the navy, it applies itself to the question how many ironclads are built or building. But, Mr. Brassey says, the construction of an armoured fleet does not make unarmoured ships the less necessary. He asks what type of ship is best adapted for the protection of commerce and for maintaining our communications in time of war. "For these duties speed both under sail and steam, and seaworthiness under every condition of weather—in short, all the qualities which tend to make a ship ubiquitous—are essential. If it is desired to combine them with moderate tonnage, armour must be abandoned." He shows that the protection of commerce would be a difficult task for our navy in time of war. That commerce has enormously increased since last we were called upon to protect it, and both French and American writers have indicated this as our vulnerable point. In consequence of a representation by Admiral Porter, the proposal for a subsidy to ocean-going merchant steamers was entertained by Congress, and this must have been with a view to the possibility of employing such steamers as privateers. But here Mr. Brassey partly answers his own argument by pointing out that we might employ our own numerous merchant steamers for the same purpose. Former experience, however, does not indicate that this expedient would be economical, although it might become necessary. It would be better to provide beforehand cruisers fit to cope with an enemy's privateers, which would be of moderate size, of speed rarely exceeding twelve or thirteen knots, and formidable not so much from their numbers or individual power as from the difficulty of intercepting them. To sweep the seas in search of these wasps it would be essential to send forth a numerous fleet. Comparing two ships of recent design, Mr. Brassey says that the *Inconstant* could never venture to use her extreme speed when cruising in search of an enemy. Her speed when cruising, and therefore her power of ranging over the ocean, would be about the same as that of the *Vulgar*; and if the speed of the *Vulgar*



is adequate for the purpose, it is obvious that the protection of our commerce would be twice as effective if we had double the number of ships. There are always people who insist on the enormous superiority of even a slight excess of speed. It has been well said by Mr. Barnaby that there is a great tendency to exaggeration in this respect, and that a maritime war would show that working speeds of over twelve or thirteen knots have been generally too dearly bought. An eminent French authority, M. Dislère, speaks to the same effect. A due proportion, he says, should be given to the various elements which all combine to make the cruiser the distant representative of the national power. No one of these elements must be sacrificed to another which the fashion of the day represents as of primary necessity, such, for example, as armour protection or extreme speed.

Our Admiralty a few years ago determined to build some large unarmoured ships, and the result has been the *Inconstant* and the *Shah*, each of 5,700 tons and 1,000 horse-power, and the *Raleigh*, which is rather smaller. Mr. Brassey contends in substance that it would be better to build smaller ships and more of them. He quotes the opinion of Captain Waddilove, that the guns of the *Inconstant* are too heavy for the mere destruction of commerce, while the vessel is too unprotected to cope with ironclads. In truth, however, this ship and others of the same class were designed as a set-off against similar ships which were supposed to be building by other Powers. The *Volage* is an example of what may be called the second class of unarmoured ships. Mr. Brassey states the tonnage of this ship first at 3,180 tons, and afterwards, quoting however from a question in a Blue-book, at 2,300 tons. In the same way the *Inconstant*, with which she is compared, is put first at 5,700 tons, and then at 4,066 tons. The proportion, however, is nearly the same both ways. Captain Waddilove was asked by a Parliamentary Committee whether he did not think that a vessel of 2,300 tons, steaming fifteen knots, had ample speed for the protection of commerce, and he answered that he should think she probably had, "but if the enemy's vessel were faster than that, of course it would be insufficient." This qualification of Captain Waddilove's opinion justifies the building of the larger class, and Mr. Reed told the same Committee that he thought our commerce should be protected by vessels of both classes, for, he said, "the *Volage* might meet with vessels which could get away from her, and that would have a demoralizing effect." Mr. Brassey states that, up to the present time, no such vessels have been built, and perhaps he may be right. But in 1865, when the *Inconstant* was ordered, it was difficult to feel sure that such ships would not be built. As Mr. Brassey tells us, the Admiralty had become disquieted in 1865 by reports as to new American cruisers, and no doubt there were speeches in Parliament and articles in newspapers sounding an alarm, which is now said to have been excessive. There can, however, be no question that Mr. Brassey is right in saying that we require in greater numbers than we have them now unarmoured ships of the second and third classes, of which he takes the *Volage* and *Magicienne* respectively as types. It cannot be too often repeated that our effective navy has nothing like the numerical strength which it had in former wars, and at the same time its duty in protecting commerce has become far more difficult. The warning of this pamphlet seems to us reasonable; but the author oddly neutralizes in his last page the effect of all that has gone before. From the Royal he turns to contemplate the commercial navy, and the grandeur of the spectacle excites an enthusiasm which rather disturbs his judgment. After quoting some figures as to the Cunard and other Companies, he tells us that "these facts ought to remove the faintest shadow of apprehension from the most timid and anxious minds." There is certainly no call for timidity, but we had supposed that the purpose of the pamphlet was to excite anxiety as to the dearth of certain classes of fighting ships.

This, indeed, is the purport of a recent speech delivered by Mr. Brassey in the House of Commons. Much disappointment, he says, has been felt that the number of fighting ships which we have been able to turn out has been year by year diminishing. He applies his remark specially to ironclad ships; but it is at least equally applicable to the unarmoured classes. "The extravagant cost of individual ships" may be lamented more easily than remedied. Guns are gaining in power, armour which cannot resist guns is worse than useless, and no side-armour can resist the ram or the torpedo. These are the sort of topics which an irresponsible speaker can always urge upon a Minister, and yet that Minister cannot venture to desist from building ironclads. But Mr. Brassey's speech is partly an answer to his pamphlet; for if armoured ships are of doubtful utility, the only resource would seem to be in unarmoured ships of high speed, and that is what we have in the *Inconstant* and sister ships. Mr. Reed well says that when a small vessel is in a heavy sea almost all the speed that she developed in smooth water disappears, whereas that of the larger class remains. He thinks that the *Inconstant* with her enormous speed and her overwhelming battery, although she was costly, is well adapted to represent the power of England all over the world. On the whole, it appears that we have, not too many large ships, but too few small ships. The Admiralty seem to be alive to the importance of limiting as far as possible size and cost, and it may be hoped that the extreme price has been reached in the *Inflexible*, for which we are to pay 512,000*l.* The remark that side-armour is useless against a torpedo is met by Mr. Reed with the answer that armour can be put upon a ship's bottom. But this answer is hardly satisfactory, because our existing fleet of

costly ironclads have armour on their sides and not on their bottoms. Both Mr. Ward Hunt and Mr. Reed agree, however, that the time has not yet come for us to give up armour-clad ships, and to this view any prudent administrator must come. It is no doubt unsatisfactory to invest millions in structures which are rapidly superseded, but it would cost more to go to war, and we should be liable to attack if we did not keep well to the front with our preparations. The application of torpedoes is represented as likely to make skill and daring an equivalent for costly structures; and if that be the ultimate result, this country need not regret it. The smaller classes of unarmoured ships are least likely to become obsolete. Such ships must always be useful, although they may not be able either to catch or to fight larger ships.

Formerly the tendency was to build too many ships, and it can hardly be doubted that a smaller number of more fast and powerful ships would have been more effective. Of late years, however, our Administrations have gone into the opposite extreme; and now, whatever may be thought of particular ships, it cannot be denied that our navy is numerically weak. Mr. Reed maintains that our naval position is pre-eminent, although we have not so many ships afloat as he should like to see. We have no adequate reserve of line-of-battle ships, and we have not enough of what used to be called frigates. Mr. Reed believes that the navy would be rendered more efficient by the building of smaller vessels, and he thinks that we ought to turn our attention to the construction of such vessels for some time to come. But he is not prepared to give up armour, and it would be, he thinks, greatly to be deplored if England with all her wealth and her light taxation should take the alarming course of abandoning armour-plated ships. He specially recommends a small class of ironclads fit to serve on distant stations, and he is no doubt aware that a small ship is in some respects inferior to a large ship. Mr. Bentinck complained that only sixty members were present to hear his demonstration of the inefficiency of the navy, and Mr. Ward Hunt answered that this showed that members had confidence in Government. We think, however, that a reader of Mr. Bentinck's speech will see that there is a good deal in it, although the sacrifice of dinner for the sake of hearing this speech may have been thought unnecessary. Where, he asks, are the ships with which in the event of war we are to protect our commercial operations? Have gentlemen on both sides of the House who are largely embarked in commercial affairs ever considered what would be the position of the commerce of this country on the outbreak of a general war? And as regards line-of-battle ships, we do not know what would be the result of a great naval action between ironclads, and we have no reserve. All this Mr. Bentinck urged, and met with less attention than he deserved. But although Mr. Goschen and Mr. Ward Hunt did their best to put him down, his speech was unanswerable. We cannot depend on our fighting fleet as we used to do, and although we might perhaps depend on cruisers if we had them in sufficient numbers, we have not got them. Taking the most favourable view of the qualities of particular ships, it must be allowed that our fleet is getting to be too much like our army, in regard to which a French general once consoled himself with the reflection—*il n'y en a pas beaucoup*.

#### THE FAMINE IN ASIA MINOR.

THE first symptoms of famine in Asia Minor appeared in the spring or early summer of 1873. The previous winter had been exceedingly unfavourable to agriculture all over Asiatic Turkey, the spring rains entirely failed, and when the harvest came there was not a tenth part of the usual produce. The scene of this calamity was the district bounded by Angora, Tokat, Konieh, and Nigdeh. It comprises about forty thousand square miles, and must have originally possessed a population of at least two millions. As the summer of 1873 advanced the warning signs which had appeared in spring became unmistakable. Several of the provincial governors pointed out to the central Government the deficiency of the crops, and plainly declared that they looked forward to a disastrous year. The newspapers of Constantinople predicted gloomy things for the coming winter. But at that time the Turkish Government was preoccupied with matters of grave import, and consequently it discouraged publicity being given to the coming disaster by the press, and told its provincial governors that it trusted nothing of the kind would happen. This meant in plain language that, whatever scarcity there might be, the taxes must be collected, and consequently the taxes were collected. As the season went on it began to be evident that the only prospect of these people was to eat their small store of seed corn and then to die. This was the situation in November 1873. Early in December winter burst upon the country. Communication with the capital was cut off, and even between neighbouring towns and villages was only possible here and there. No one knew what a terrible drama was enacting behind the dark curtain which shut out the afflicted district from observation, and it was only when that curtain rose in spring upon a scene of utter desolation that it was perceived how awfully the forebodings of autumn had been realized in the tragedy of winter. The first news of what had taken place came to Constantinople from Angora, a town about two hundred and forty miles eastward of Constantinople. This town presented the appearance of a place that had undergone a siege. Villagers had crowded into it, seeking a refuge from starvation. Local traders

had laid in some supply of corn while the roads were open. But the Governor compelled this grain to be sold at a low price, and it was eaten, and the famine for a time stayed off. When it was gone, the people tried to keep themselves alive with weeds and rubbish. Angora suffered severely all the winter, and, swarming as it did with refugees, was thought at first to be the focus of the calamity. But when the roads opened and communication with adjacent districts was re-established, it was seen that Angora was comparatively well off, and the outlying villages were in far worse condition. It was found also that a murrain had swept away nearly the whole of the flocks and herds. A tour made through the afflicted district in June 1874 found one-half of the population destitute of bread, and living upon grass and herbs. Temporary relief then came in the shape of harvest, which, although it was only a tenth part of the ordinary production of the country, was eked out by fruits and vegetables, and mitigated for several weeks the sufferings of the population. But it soon became evident that this could not last for any length of time, and indeed before August was over the lowest classes were again without food. Disease was rife in all the towns where the refugees had thronged, and the inhabitants clamoured for their expulsion. Another tour made in January last found the famine in increased severity. This was the second year, and it may be hoped that a third year of famine will have been averted by the efforts of the Turkish Government and of European benevolence. Relief Committees presided over by missionaries at Kaiserieh, Angora, and Konieh have furnished food to save life. They have left to Government the business of furnishing seed corn. At a public meeting held at Willis's Rooms on 24th June last it was stated that there were hopes of a tolerable harvest. But that was a critical period. All the supplies belonging to the country had been exhausted, and it was only through fresh subscriptions that sufficient corn could be supplied for the next few weeks. We do not know how far the appeal thus made may have been successful; but it is almost certain that disease will follow famine, and any funds that may be collected will no doubt be usefully bestowed. It will hardly excite surprise that the victims of this famine are calculated at 150,000.

As usually happens when people take up a subject warmly, some of them run into extremes. Mr. Scott Russell has visited Asia Minor, and expresses for the country and its people an admiration which is perhaps excessive. He asks himself why English agriculturists go and settle in Australia when a rich country is open to them nearer home. He went to Asia Minor believing that a Turk was an infidel, and prepared to find every man with a dozen wives. He took the trouble to learn a little of the language of the people, to find out what their religion was, and to make their personal acquaintance, and he discovered that all his prejudices on these subjects were entirely wrong. If, indeed, Mr. Scott Russell expected to find that every Asiatic Turk had twelve wives, we are not surprised that inquiry and observation showed him to be mistaken. He might almost have found that out without leaving England. And we believe that the Koran is accessible in an English translation; nor can we regard it as a new discovery that Mahomet taught his followers to believe in Christ. Mr. Scott Russell might have read in Gibbon that the liberality of Mahomet allowed to his predecessors the same credit which he claimed for himself. Another advocate of the same cause, Mr. Butler Johnstone, proceeds on the indisputable ground that we have lent the Turks one hundred millions of money at high interest, and his enthusiasm almost equals that of Mr. Scott Russell when he represents those loans as profitable transactions. It is, however, true that the Turk is always ready to contract a fresh loan to pay the interest of the last, and with all his faults he makes a better debtor than the free and enlightened Republics to which formerly we were so ready to lend our money.

The competition among claimants on British charity has lately been severe, and it is possible that before long heavy loss and consequent distress may be felt among ourselves. Mr. Butler Johnstone complains in the *Times* that France gets much, while the unfortunate Turk country, "in spite of harrowing accounts of almost unprecedented suffering," gets very little. Another appeal for help is made from Iceland, where volcanic eruptions have caused severe distress, and the need for relief is urgent. In this case as well as in that of Southern France, what Mr. Butler Johnstone calls "the powerful machinery of the Mansion House" has been set in motion, and it may be hoped that the result which he would anticipate of subscriptions pouring in will to some extent be realized. Yet another appeal comes from Buda, which has suffered by inundations, and others are nearly certain to follow from places nearer home. A Correspondent of the *Times*, who was just within the limit of the district of Asia Minor where famine had prevailed, wrote on 14th June that the harvest was magnificent. But such unseasonable weather has prevailed in various countries since that date that we cannot feel quite sure that the troubles of the Asiatic Turks would end in a few weeks. This Correspondent amply confirms the speeches at the meeting. Everywhere he found the same tale of ruin and death. The rich are now poor; the poor are dead or have emigrated, except a few who prolong life by charitable help from others only a shade better off than themselves. It was hoped that in a few weeks the harvest would remedy much of this—that is, supposing the harvest to be safely gathered in—but in the interim the distress would be severe. The writer hopes that the Ottoman Government will be brought to see the

absolute necessity of establishing proper communications throughout this beautiful but unfortunate country by roads and railways, and we have not the slightest doubt that that Government will at least promise to make roads and railways, if this country will promise to find the money. Relief work in road-making might have been set on foot during the famine if English money, energy, and organization could have been freely applied. But although Mr. Scott Russell has discovered that Mahomet and his followers make rather a superior sort of Christians, and thinks that the Garden of Eden must have been in Asia Minor, neither the virtues of the people nor the fertility of the soil can compensate for the incapacity of the Government; and, on the whole, it is not wonderful that our emigrants prefer Australia. It is rather startling to be told that Angora is only two hundred and forty miles from Constantinople, and that nobody at Constantinople knew until the spring of last year what terrible suffering had existed near Angora during the previous winter. This is decidedly a country where, by the help of Mahomet or otherwise, the people had need be virtuous, since they are very little helped by Government. It was, however, forced upon the attention of the authorities that, if there were no harvests in future years, there would be nothing out of which to take the taxes, and accordingly considerable efforts were made to supply the country with seed corn. But we cannot wonder that the general impression of Turkish apathy caused a disinclination to help those who were believed to be unable or unwilling to help themselves. A gentleman who was asked for a subscription to this fund, answered that there were always famines somewhere in the world, and it was better to leave these things to nature. That has been pretty much the Turkish method, but now their Government can hardly help being affected by English energy. It must be allowed that Mr. Butler Johnstone and others are entitled to remind the centres of English trade that they have made a good deal of money out of Asiatic Turkey. Angora was one of the earliest factories of the Levant Company, and the tombs of its merchants are to be seen there. Bradford is mentioned as a town which has given liberally to this fund, while Manchester and Sheffield have given little. But then it is remarked that Sheffield deals chiefly in knives and forks, and these articles are hardly ever seen in Turkey. The apathy of Manchester is difficult to explain, as certainly few places have a larger interest in Turkish trade, and, as more than one speaker mentioned, every caravan that one meets in Asia Minor is loaded with the goods which bear its name. Perhaps the subject was not taken up by the right people or in the right way at Manchester; and, as we have already remarked, the competition among these relief funds has lately become rather sharp. It may, however, be worth while to remark that a surplus of 70,000*l.* remains of the fund raised for the sick and the wounded in the French war, and a difficult question may arise as to how this surplus is to be bestowed. About 30,000*l.* had been raised for the relief of famine in Asia Minor, and, so far as can be judged from the speeches at the meeting, it had been well applied. It can hardly be doubted that some gratitude is felt in countries which are thus assisted, and it is still true that charity is twice blessed, unless, indeed, when it degenerates into fussiness.

#### EXHIBITION OF WORKS IN BLACK AND WHITE.

THE Dudley Gallery is again for the third time devoted to an interesting, though far from exhaustive, exhibition of works from which "colour" is expressly excluded. "Black and white," as here exemplified, comprise charcoal and crayon drawings, pen, pencil, sepia, and Indian-ink drawings, etchings, &c. We find, on referring to the first prospectus published in 1871, that originally it was intended also to include "Ancient Line Engraving," "Etchings on Glass and Metal," "Lithographs on the Stone," and "Designs for Art Manufacture." This enumeration of materials or processes will serve to show how a sphere which at first sight might seem restricted admits of almost indefinite amplitude and variety. The Catalogue enumerates no less than 532 examples, which, while they pleasantly clothe the walls, leave, in the absence of colour, a sombre and unexciting impression. Yet the preponderance of "white mounts" within the frames fortunately makes "white" supreme over "black," light over darkness. The collection, notwithstanding that it comes as a thrice-told tale, and, as a whole, is inferior to the first, is not without merit and novelty. Some few contributions have a value comparable to that of the care-taking "studies" of the Old Masters; others may be passed over more rapidly as the impromptu dashings of daring pencils; some, again, are to be interpreted as translations of colour into light and shade, while a considerable and always increasing number are illustrations to letterpress or pictorial chronicles of passing events.

M. Bida, whose illustrations to the Gospels have been already reviewed in our columns, takes the foremost position. "Peace be unto this house" (290), one of the Biblical series, is consummate in drawing detail and surface textures. The composition and style are familiar; Christ, in semi-classic costume, after the manner of Raffaele, enters at the open door, and a flood of light heralding the approach illumines a darkness broad and deep as that of Rembrandt; in fact, nine-tenths of the picture is surrendered to shadow. The language of light and shade was never more intelligent and emphatic; the dwellers in this house, plain and honest people, have



rested in darkness until suddenly Christ flashes before them as a light-giving presence. There is no drawing within the Gallery so elaborate in its technical processes; the primary material is grey chalk, into the hatched interstices of which enters occasionally a thin wash; thus is obtained the subdued evenness of shadow which, as before said, covers nine-tenths of the paper. But the artist shows his skill not only in the modulations of his shade, but in the manifestation of his light; each shade has its particular and appropriate light, or, in other words, light penetrates shadow, while in turn shadow permeates light. The means used is worthy of attention; the lights are often cut, scratched, or rubbed out, and then toned down here and there by grey chalk or wash of India-ink; finally, the highest lights are made to scintillate by delicate but sharp touches of white chalk. It will be observed that the artist multiplies his technical methods to the utmost; he uses every possible means which can advance the end he has in view, and yet there is no disunion; the effect is not scattered, but concentrated. Artists and students generally will do well to analyse the seven examples here exhibited of the mature style and the complex method of M. Bida.

The chief specialities are the drawings in charcoal, of which indeed we have seldom, if ever, seen more characteristic examples, save in the Paris Salon. The method, in fact, is one which the French have made peculiarly, though not exclusively, their own; in their hands the charcoal crumbles kindly into velvet tones, broad broken masses, evanescent outlines which melt into thin air, or form a network or cobweb of shadowy trees through which the light of the evening sky shines. French landscape-painters such as Corot have long dwelt so lovingly on monotonies that the transition into the further negation of simple black and white is made at a single step. The famous M. L'Hermite lives in a land of twilight, and when he wants a little change he plunges into the blackness of a night dark as Erebus. "The Procession" (114) is as effective in subject as in style; in the long sweeping line of priests, canopy, and peasants we are reminded of M. Breton's masterpiece in the gallery of the Luxembourg, "The Blessing of the Harvest." This and other drawings in charcoal come out with great effect as the spectator retires into distance; indeed distance creates enchantment; the rough surface of the absorbent paper imparts quality and texture, and the ragged forms, the accidental and scratchy lines, fall into broad solemn masses. Nothing can be more impressive than "A Pilgrimage" (259) by this artist; the figures of the picturesque peasants are shadowy as ghosts, yet monumental as ruins or weather-beaten stones. What may be called the pictorial philosophy of the undefined might find illustration in such drawings; we seem to enter on a region of mystery and of imagination wherein mingle the known and the unknown, the visible and the half revealed. "Shrimping" (245), by Mr. Colin Hunter, is as sad as a dirge; the execution is rough and rude to a fault, even among companions in which negligence is affected as a mark of the indifference and slovenliness which are by some supposed to be inseparable from genius. "The Snow-Drift" (5), by Mr. MacWhirter, is not wholly free from the same charge; yet both these works may plead in their favour a ruling motive. In nothing do English drawings usually differ more widely from French than in the want of some governing purpose to bring all accidents and details into subordination to the pervading sentiment. Among other works to be commended for the qualities valued in the use of charcoal are "The Monk's Walk" (83), by Mr. Raven; "Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye" (191), by Mr. Francis Powell; and "The Thames at Great Marlow" (352), by Mr. Aumonier.

Another large, and, as we have said, a constantly increasing, class consists of drawings made for reproduction. Not only the multiplication of picture newspapers, but the growing desire of the public for the pictorial illustration of the literary creations of our best writers, fully accounts for the many excellent designs here exhibited. Yet the absentees are numerous; we have lost by death Frederick Walker and George Thomas, and some of the masters of the art who remain, such as Sir John Gilbert, are not represented. The intention may perhaps be to bring forward aspiring men who have something to gain by making their talents conspicuous. Mr. Small, a member of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, produces two original drawings for a well-known illustrated newspaper—the one "A Ploughing Match" (65), the other the game of "Polo" (96). Mr. C. Green in the same Institute exhibits "The Irish Patern" (240); in like manner Mr. Marks, A.R.A., sends "The Wassail Bowl" (374); Mr. Frank Holl, "Phineas Redux" (322); Mrs. Allingham (H. Paterson), of the Old Water Colour Society, contributes "Mamma's Birthday" (213); and Mr. Herkomer, of the same Society, "The Last Muster" (276), the portraits in which do duty again in the artist's oil picture in the Academy. Nor must Mr. Du Maurier's sparkling and piquant pen-and-ink sketches for *Punch* be forgotten, such as that of the anxious mother of five buxom daughters who desires an introduction to a Sultan or a Pasha, on the plea that we all "know the custom of his country, and that he might take a fancy to several of the girls at once." Pitched in a wholly different key are "Christmas Bells" (13), rung by angels; the artist is Herr Frölich, the Dane whose graceful illustrations to the story of *Cupid and Psyche* gave him a London reputation. For the most part these drawings made expressly for reproduction need excuse, as being but the means to ulterior ends; they are apt to be emphatic and prosaic in their facts, hard and cutting in their out-

lines, moreover mechanical in execution, so as to admit of physical appliances for their multiplication. Moreover, being designed for repetition in black and white, they are without that suggestion of colour which sometimes adds warmth and sentiment to line engravings, etchings, and even lithographs. Turner, it may be remembered, usually executed his illustrations in colour; and it is understood that the engravers rejoiced in their victory over difficulty when they could warm, at least for the mind's eye, the grey plate with palpitating light and golden sunset.

Our English artists give faint indication of the good olden practice of making for elaborate pictures preliminary studies in light and shade; therein they contrast unfavourably with the great masters who have enriched the museums of Europe with something more than tentative studies of figures, draperies, and other pictorial properties. But we may point to Mr. Ditchfield's "Study of Rocks" (47) as earnest educational work; on the other hand, Mr. Leslie's "Ferryman's Daughter" (323) falls into flimsy form just in proportion as it seeks tone and sentiment. Such art scarcely stands in need of a rehearsal in black and white. Neither does Mr. Augustus Bouvier gain bone or sinew in figures which, though sufficiently harmless, he is pleased to call "Naughty" (138). Our English artists, compared with their predecessors, appear to have lost their "touch"; how different, for example, from the plucky pencil of Prout is the flaring, yet flaccid, drawing of "Domo d'Ossola" (154), by Mr. Arthur Croft! Mr. Barnard, too, might have spared us the infliction of anything so weak and destitute of character as "Henry Irving in the Grave Scene, *Hamlet*" (131).

The etchings this year are comparatively few and unimportant. Two portraits, one of the Rev. James Martineau, after Mr. Watts, R.A. (165), by M. Rajon, and the other of Mr. Thomas Carlyle (247), by M. Legros, belong to an ultra-mannerism much affected by the French. One has only to imagine a dear friend suddenly made ten years older than he is, affected by spleen and given over to moody sadness, and then subjected to some of the black reproductions from photography which transmute lines of tenderness into hard moroseness, in order to have an idea of this style of art. However clever it may be, it is assuredly most unflattering and unpleasant. Turning to another class of subject, we find no artists so skilful and faithful as the French in translating an oil picture into an etching; take, as an example, M. Jacquemart's miniature plate, "Le Liseur," after Meissonnier (346). But of all etchers who adapt their manner to suit the master, M. Flameng merges his own personal identity most thoroughly. When simulating Toulmouche (296) he assumes the delicacy and finesse of a French painter of polite and polished society; and then, again, in the rendering of the famous "Night Watch" at Amsterdam, he emulates the picturesque touch and the rugged character of Rembrandt. Among our leading English etchers, we have to regret the absence of Mr. Seymour Haden; others creditably known, such as Mr. Edward Slcombe, are not at their best, while Mr. Edwin Edwards is nearly at his worst. We have, however, to thank Mr. Hook, R.A., for "Brimming Holland" (331), an etching which is made low in tone in order that it may become brimful of sunlight; the plate, too, has the rare quality of being suggestive of colour. Mr. Hook, as might be expected, is one of those artists who see colour in chiaroscuro.

The art of "Black and White" may be said to assume three phases; first, that where "Black" preponderates; secondly, that where light prevails; lastly and best, the intermediate condition, where the balance is struck between the two extremes. The English, as a rule, with timid painstaking care, with small touches which deck out the subject prettily, play in a high key, and preserve as a means of light the white ground of the paper. It can hardly be said that they understand the language of chiaroscuro in its whole compass from the zenith of light down to the depth of "a darkness visible." On the other hand, the French often begin with darkness, and so through twilight work their way into day; but even the day threatens rain and thunder. Such landscapes are funereal. The works before us are for the most part partial and one-sided; they show the limit and monotony rather than the inimitable variety of the method. We can only hope that another year this praiseworthy attempt may find a more worthy fulfilment.

#### THE OPERAS.

IT is so long since Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta* has been presented to the English public that its reproduction this year had all the effect of a novelty. It is unfortunate both for the composer and his audiences that only his one great work is to any extent known upon the London stage, and the representation of another of his compositions should therefore have been a happy event. By such a performance as that given at Covent Garden it is, however, difficult to judge of a work which is practically new. The want of spirit and of sympathy with the conductor in the orchestra—which may possibly be the result of a divided rule—and the raggedness and tameness of the chorus went far to spoil a work of importance. The general impression produced is that the opera contains many beautiful passages which would be likely to grow upon all who love imaginative music, in which Gounod excels; but that it has none of those taking effects—such, for instance, as the soldiers' chorus—which by the force of their appeal to the general

taste have served to ensure the constant popularity of *Faust*. Again, the book of the opera is not particularly well arranged; more should be made of the quarrel between the two houses in order to obtain a contrast to the love passages. It is a good idea to break the tone of dreamy emotion in the long balcony scene with the dramatic chorus of retainers who enter searching for Romeo, but there is here room for improvement in the stage arrangement. The conventional balcony of the English stage lends itself far more easily to the requirements of the scene than do the curiously devised terraces presented at Covent Garden. Mme. Patti's performance of Juliet was remarkable for the precision and fluency which belong especially to her, and which are more valued by the public than are some higher qualities. It must also be said that Mme. Patti's acting, especially in the scene when her projected marriage with Paris is announced, was of singular merit. Her singing of the somewhat commonplace, but very difficult, waltz in the first act was admirable. Signor Nicolini looked well, and acted better than he usually does, as Romeo. Signor Cotogni sang with steadiness and spirit as Mercutio; and the fine voice and method of Signor Baggiolo were well suited to the Friar. It is to be regretted that the vigorous efforts of Signor Bevinani to keep the orchestra and choruses together were not rewarded with better results. His accompaniments throughout were admirable; he was, if anything, too quiet, which, especially just now, is a fault upon the right side.

*Semiramide*—another opera which had not been seen for a long time on the stage at Covent Garden—has been reproduced with one great attraction in M. Faure's impersonation of Assur. M. Faure's acting was remarkable for its force and dignity; the majesty of his bearing gave grandeur to the villany of Assur; and his execution of the unusually florid music was admirable. But one singer, however good, cannot bear alone the weight of such an opera as *Semiramide*. Neither the singing nor the acting powers of Mme. Vilda are equal to the interpretation of the Queen—a part which has become so associated with Mlle. Titiens that comparison between her and any other singer who may appear in it is inevitable, and by such a comparison a better performance than that of Mme. Vilda might suffer. A like difficulty lies in the way of Mlle. Scalchi, who appeared as Arsace. Mlle. Scalchi has a fine voice, which in some parts she can use with good effect; but she has not the grace, the dignity, and the perfect style which Mme. Trebelli has taught us to expect in Arsace.

At Drury Lane considerable interest has attached to the appearances of Mlle. Chapuy, a singer whose success was somewhat endangered by the high terms in which she was described before she appeared. Enthusiastic admirers of any particular performer or performance would do well to bear in mind that extravagant praise of what they admire is more likely to arouse prejudice against it than to help its cause. If the thing is good it will make its way without any such adventitious aid; if it is not good the disappointed expectation of merit will probably exaggerate its defects. Mlle. Chapuy has shown that she has merit; she possesses great fluency, and has been taught, and, what is more important, has learnt, to use her voice properly. She has, however, some faults of the French method; there is a want of smoothness in her management of the interval between the lower and the middle voice, and there is some huskiness in the lower notes. In the *Barbiere di Siviglia* her singing is better than her acting, in which, while there is no remarkable spirit, there is a want of repose. One would think that for the part of Almaviva in the same opera it would not be difficult to find a better interpreter than Signor Brignoli. This singer has indeed one merit; he pronounces his words with a distinctness not often found; but that is the only point in his performance to which any praise can be given. To those who have any real care for the combination of musical and dramatic art which the opera ought to put forth, it is discouraging to find a singer whose execution is nasal and intonation unsteady, and whose idea of acting is limited to a lifeless and clumsy rendering of the necessary stage business, accepted as the representative of Almaviva, who should be the essence of grace and dignity. But the truth is, that to a large proportion of the audiences who now fill the opera houses it matters nothing whether the general performance of an opera is good or bad. There may be one singer of particular merit or attraction in the cast, and at any rate it is "the opera"; and that is enough to satisfy them. The performance of Signor de Reschi as Figaro contrasts agreeably with that upon which comment has just been made. Signor de Reschi sings the barber's music well throughout; and in the concerted music the excellence of his style is especially noticeable. He acts the part with much vivacity and lightness of touch, the value of which is particularly brought out in the stage business of the second act. Sir Michael Costa's conducting was of course admirable in precision; but the habit of exaggerating the music of the orchestra to an overwhelming din seems to have grown upon him. On one occasion he succeeded in so completely drowning the singing of four principals and a chorus that one seemed to be looking on at a dumb show illustrated with music by the band. Unfortunately it would appear that the public delights in a storm of instrumental sound, if one may judge from the clamour with which it calls for a repetition of the effect produced by the orchestra and the military band, which overpower the voices of the soldiers' chorus in *Faust*. The discrepancy in this instance between the instruments and the voices becomes ludicrous. *Faust* has been given

again with a change in the cast, Signor Campanini filling the place of M. Capoul in *Faust*, and Signor Castelmarty that of Signor Rota in Mephistopheles. After one has heard the Italian tenor in *Lohengrin* his performance of *Faust* is disappointing. It has none of the grace and chivalry which he gives to the knight in the German myth; and, perhaps because the great difficulties of *Lohengrin* demand great care, his singing in that part is far better than in *Faust*, where the notes, which would be beautiful if the singer had a better method of producing his voice, are constantly lost in his throat. Of Signor Castelmarty's Mephistopheles it must be said in the first place that the music lies better in the compass of his voice than does that of other parts which he has filled. The music of the first act and the "Dio dell' Or" of the second he sings with correctness and a good deal of spirit. In his costume and acting Signor Castelmarty attempts originality, and there is enough cleverness in the attempt to make its shortcomings very disagreeable. The dress of black relieved with scarlet, instead of the usual scarlet relieved with black, is a not unpleasant novelty; but the face is the face of Zamiel rather than of Mephistopheles. The acting strikes one at first as a desirable contrast to Signor Rota's weak imitation of M. Faure; but it is marred by the ill-conceived attempt at infusing a certain grotesqueness into the devilry of the part, and by a roistering behaviour which cannot belong to Mephistopheles. The defiance of the crowd and the subsequent shrinking from the cross hilts of their swords in the scene of the Kermesse is reduced to a coarse pantomime; and in the delivery of the serenade Signor Castelmarty's intonation is constantly at fault, while his acting is that which one would expect from the comic devil in a mystery. The singer ruins the music of the trio which follows this by the introduction of a grating laugh which both musically and dramatically is quite out of keeping. In the cathedral scene Signor Castelmarty is placed at a disadvantage, so far as acting is concerned, by the injudicious stage arrangement, which gives to Mephistopheles a certain air of Punch; but that gives but little excuse for his doing much to spoil the effect of the situation by the restlessness of his acting when dignity is most wanted. The Marguerite of Mme. Nilsson and the Siebel of Mme. Trebelli have been already described at length.

One cannot help wondering why the *Etoile du Nord*, one of the finest operas in the repertory of Covent Garden, is never given until the close of the season. It is a work which has an unusual dramatic force and musical brilliancy; and it gives to Mme. Patti and M. Faure unusual opportunities for the exercise of their powers. M. Faure's Pietro is one of his best characters. The passionate temper of the man and the fine nature which at one time suppresses this, at another is seen in spite of it, are rendered with marvellous strength and truth. The acting is full both of grandeur and of delicate shades. The gradual progress of intoxication in the second act, and the sudden recovery from it, due partly to an effort of will, partly to the shock of a grief suddenly perceived, are presented with that power and fine control which carry an audience away; and the Czar's revelation of himself to the rebel soldiery is so impressive that the sudden burst of loyalty and submission which follows it seem its only possible effect. M. Faure's singing is heard to great advantage in this opera, as the music gives scope for the variety of the singer's powers and accomplishments. It affords many opportunities for the grand style which M. Faure uses with fine effect in the cathedral scene of *Faust*; and the second act contains an air in which the singer displays a marvellous command of easy and finished execution. In the part of Cattarina Mme. Patti finds constant occasions for displaying the vocal skill in which she excels; and the changing moods of the character are full of interest. The cast of the opera is unusually good; the picturesqueness of its movement and the aptness of the music to the action seem to fulfil the desire which has lately been expressed, as if nothing existed to fulfil it, for the combination of musical and dramatic interest. It is certainly to be regretted that the *Etoile du Nord* is always kept for the end of the season.

#### THE JULY WEEK AT NEWMARKET.

THE racing at Newmarket in the July meeting was fairly interesting, and there was quite enough of it; but the unprecedentedly successful yearling sales were perhaps the greatest attraction of the week. A favourable commencement was made on the Monday at Easton Lodge, when Lord Rosslyn's and Captain Ray's yearlings fetched very fair prices. Lord Rosslyn patronizes a variety of sires, fashionable and unfashionable, while Captain Ray appears to stick perseveringly to Gladiateur. Gladiateur himself was sold at the end of the day, and Captain Ray purchased him for 4,300 guineas. Three years ago he fetched 7,000 guineas, and, judging from the performances of his stock, we should say that he was a dear bargain even at his reduced price. The mighty Frenchman has been unable to impart any of his great qualities to his sons and daughters hitherto, and, as he is now getting on in years, and has had a fair chance with the best mares in the country, there is some sanguineness in anticipating better results for the future. As a rule, his stock have neither been able to go fast nor far, nor have they been distinguished by grandeur of shape or action. On the Wednesday King Lud was sold to Lord Zetland for 6,000 guineas, and returns to his old home at Aske. Lord Zetland is forming a stud, and the "spots"



long so dear to Yorkshiremen will yet again be seen on many a northern racecourse. Far different was the fate, two days later, of Khedive, also bred at Aske, who was knocked down to Captain Machell for the paltry sum of 75 guineas. At the late Lord Zetland's sale, the competition for King Lud and Khedive was keen, and Captain Machell purchased the former for Lord Lonsdale for 1,650 guineas, while Mr. Chaplin became the owner of the latter for 1,500. It was thought at the time that Mr. Chaplin had secured the best bargain; but Khedive has never won a race since, while King Lud has carried off such races as the Cesarewitch and the Alexandra Plate, while the price at which he was sold last week, as compared with that obtained for his old stable companion, is the crowning proof of the judgment or luck of his original purchaser. Mr. Gee's and Lord Clifden's attracted a great deal of attention, and fetched satisfactory prices; but the highest figures at the Dewhurst stud sale were made by a son of King of the Forest and Virtue, which fetched 1,400 guineas, and a son of Parmesan and Repulse—half-brother to Levant—which went for 800. On the third day of the meeting the Mentmore yearlings were put up to auction, and a more magnificent lot of thoroughbred colts and fillies was perhaps never offered to public competition. The fifteen were all sold, and fetched the unprecedented average of 574 guineas. A brother to Corisande was knocked down for 2,450 guineas, thus reviving recollections of the Middle Park days, when two-thousand-guinea bids were rather of common occurrence; a colt by Parmesan out of Hermione fell for 1,800; a daughter of Lecturer and Queen of the Vale for 750; a son of King Tom and Moonshine for 500; and a son of Lecturer and Breeze for 520. The young scions of Pero Gomez, which were next offered by the proprietors of the Bonehill stud, were also admired for their quality and racing-like shapes, and realized very respectable prices. Nor was the appetite of purchasers exhausted, for on the following day, when the studs of Mr. Chaplin and the late Mr. King were offered for sale, the high averages of the week were well sustained. An uncertain performer like Red Cross Knight sold for 2,000 guineas, the high-bred Rosinante for 1,100, Margarita, by the Duke out of Tasmania, for 1,600, Concha for 1,100, and Morocco for 700. Mr. Chaplin's yearlings were also eagerly bid for, and a brother to Rosinante fetched 700 and a sister to Stray Shot 650 guineas. The late Mr. King's small, but highly select, stud comprised only three yearlings, one two-year-old, and two three-year-olds, but the prices given for them were enormous. Of the three yearlings, Monk, own brother to Holy Friar, fetched 1,800 guineas; Analogy, own sister to Apology and Agility, 1,100, and Militant 500. The two-year-old, Hypocrisis, sister to Holy Friar, was sold for 2,400 guineas, and the three-year-old, Hieroglyphic, for 510. Lastly, Holy Friar was led into the ring, and a glance at his near foreleg must have satisfied his backers that in all probability it was well for them that he was prevented from putting in an appearance at Epsom on the Derby Day. He will never stand another preparation, and he was bought for the Stud for 1,300 guineas. Altogether, during the week, more than fifty thousand pounds were laid out in the purchase of thoroughbred stock. Let no one say, therefore, that such stock is a drug in the market. Nevertheless, we marvel all the more that people who are so ready to buy horses seem so slow to run them. There is no lack of purchasers of yearlings, and apparently there is no lack of money. Yet race meetings fall off in interest and importance, one after another, solely because owners will not take the trouble to send their horses to compete. Sportsmen of the old stamp used to like to have racehorses for the purpose of seeing them run; sportsmen of the new like to have them also, and to indulge in peaceful admiration of them in private.

The racing last week was abundant rather than of high class, but the two chief two-year-old races sustained their reputation. The July brought out a field of ten, including Levant, Coltness—winner of the New Stakes at Ascot—Farnese, a colt by Parmesan out of Lady Coventry, and Gilestone, by the Earl or Palmer out of Cachmere's dam. The winner of the New Stakes again displayed indifferent form, but Levant for once ran up to her private reputation, or rather was forced to run; for Fordham, who is a master of the art of forcing an ungenerous horse to do his best, by sheer strength kept her straight, and squeezed her in a winner by a head. The finish was wonderfully close, for Farnese was only beaten a head by Levant, and Gilestone and Camelia, who ran a dead heat for third place, were only a head from the second. The victory of Levant must have been a compensation to Lord Rosebery for his previous disappointments with her, but she is pretty sure to disappoint her owner again whenever she is allowed the opportunity. The Chesterfield fell to Skylark, who had previously shown his quality by winning the Gladiator Stakes, Gilestone being again a competitor, but being beaten much more easily than in the July. Lowlander had little difficulty in giving 2st. to Eccosais for the year, and 3st. to Quiver for the two years, and beating them after the show of a race; and Tartine's easy defeat of Dreadnought rather depreciated Lord Falmouth's St. Leger candidates. Stray Shot ran two curious races on the first and last days of the meeting. On the first day, carrying 8st. 13lbs., she was made favourite, but was beaten by Prince Arthur and Inglewood Ranger; on the last she carried 9st. 6lbs., ran in quite as good company, and was not made favourite, but won rather cleverly. The course was the same on both occasions, and the great uncertainty of racing was strikingly illustrated. There were some fairly good matches during the week, and the revival of races of that class is a

matter for congratulation. That between Father Claret and Concha was closely contested, but after a punishing finish Lord Rosebery's colt won by a neck. The high price given for Concha later in the week after this performance seems at first not easily intelligible. In the match between Brigg Boy and Kaleidoscope the former had no difficulty in winning, but in his second match Sir J. Astley only just beat Tripaway, with the unsound May Day in the last stride. The announcement that the arrangements for a match between Lowlander and Galopin had been completed was received with great interest. The match is for one thousand guineas, and is to be run on the Middle Park Plate day, and the terms are that Lowlander shall give 12 lbs. to Galopin. The match is to be run over the Rowley Mile, and if both horses are fit and well next October it will be one of the most exciting events of modern times. All we need say now is, that the course selected seems more favourable to the Derby winner than to his opponent. Of course Lowlander has all the best of the weights.

During the July week the Jockey Club held a most important meeting, and passed one resolution and gave notice of another, to which it is desirable to direct attention. The former resolution, which was carried unanimously, was to the effect that, "If any person shall be detected watching a trial, or shall be proved to the satisfaction of the stewards of the Jockey Club to have employed any person to watch a trial, or to have obtained surreptitiously information respecting a trial from any person or persons engaged in it, or in the service of the trainer of the horses tried, he shall be deemed to have been guilty of a corrupt practice on the Turf, and shall be warned off Newmarket Heath, and all racecourses where the Newmarket rules are in force." The object of this resolution, which by the way was in force already in the Jockey Club itself, is to put an end to the system of touting and horse-watching which has so long prevailed, and which has resulted in the public generally getting more trustworthy information of the health and condition of horses than the owners of those horses were always able to obtain. It is very natural and proper that owners should resent this intrusion of the vulgar public into their affairs, for their horses are certainly their private property, and they are entitled to be protected in the undisturbed enjoyment of that property. Practically, however, the only effect of the new rule will be that owners will now be able to make more money out of their horses than heretofore. Hitherto, thanks to the sporting papers, the public have got the first news and the best prices about racehorses. Now the tables will be turned, and the owners of horses will keep, not the first only, but all the news to themselves, and will get the best prices also. Racing is a purely commercial business nowadays, and for ourselves we are wholly indifferent as to which section of the supporters of racing—horse-owners or race-goers—gets the better of the other in speculative transactions. But for monetary considerations, there can be no reason why trials should not take place in public, or why there should be any mystery kept up about the condition and capabilities of horses. But as modern owners cannot afford to keep racehorses unless they have a fair chance of making money out of them, they are obliged to appeal to the Jockey Club to protect them from having their chances interfered with. They have gained their point; but it is another matter how far the public, who, after all, are the real supporters of racing, will continue their support unless they, too, have a fair chance given to them of winning their money. Ostensibly the question settled by the Jockey Club last week is one of principle; but in reality it is a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. It is noticeable that, almost simultaneously with this action on the part of the Jockey Club, came a manifestation of sudden energy on the part of the Treasury authorities, who, after a long lethargy, have become alive to the necessity of putting down the betting advertisements in the sporting papers. We have so often commented on the injurious character of these advertisements, which induce ignorant persons who otherwise would not dream of betting on horse-races to stake their money at haphazard, that we need not say how glad we are that the Treasury has determined, however tardily, to put the Act of Parliament in force. We are also gratified at Mr. Poland's declaration that this is no flash in the pan, but that the Treasury will persevere in prosecuting any paper that admits into its columns advertisements calculated to induce those who read them to bet. We can only express a feeling of mild astonishment that, with the Act in their hands, the Treasury authorities should have thought it necessary to wait so long before giving effect to the excellent resolutions which now influence them to vigorous action. We defer to another opportunity the consideration of a new rule of racing which the stewards of the Jockey Club intend to bring forward at a future meeting, and which is to deal with nominations that have become void by the death of the subscriber. The subject will not in all probability be brought forward till the October meetings, but there is a general opinion that the present rule should be relaxed. It will require, however, careful attention to frame a rule which will avoid the disqualification of horses whose nominators have died, and will at the same time prevent any abuse of the rules in force for payment of entrances and forfeits. Probably Lord Rosebery's proposition, that a Committee should be appointed to consider the whole subject, will be adopted, as the best method of preventing any hasty or ill-considered legislation.

## REVIEWS.

## LA ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.\*

M. HACHETTE deserves the gratitude of all real students of what may truly be called French literature for the substantial merits of the series of reprints entitled *Les Grands Écrivains de la France*. The thoroughness with which these editions have been planned and carried out, and the good taste which has presided over the material arrangements, make them at once the most scholarly and the most agreeable editions which have hitherto issued from the press. To any one who knows what editing and publishing ought to be it is a great pleasure to see it done so well and carefully as in the volumes now before us. M. Gilbert, the editor, has followed the last edition of the Maxims which was published during the lifetime of the author (the edition of 1678), but he has added a great number of various readings in foot-notes, taken from different sources, such as the manuscript of La Rochefoucauld, Mme. de Sablé's papers, and the four earlier editions of the Maxims. M. Gilbert has also added the posthumous maxims which were found amongst the author's papers after his death, and he has himself more than doubled the number of these posthumous maxims from Rochefoucauld's papers. Besides these, there were a certain number of detached thoughts which La Rochefoucauld had omitted from the successive editions of his Maxims. M. Gilbert has collected these thoughts, and printed them after the others. Then come the *Réflexions diverses*, an appendix containing various things of interest, including the opinions of La Rochefoucauld's contemporaries, and finally a table of contents, and a most excellent analytical index by the editor, based upon the analysis by Fortia, but much more complete than his. The value of a volume like this is increased incalculably by such a perfect index, for it is especially in collections of detached thoughts that we feel the need of being aided in reference. With the help of M. Gilbert's index we see at a glance everything that relates to one subject. In this age of generally good typography it is almost unnecessary to add that the printing of these editions is clear and correct. The paper is manufactured specially for them, and bears the publisher's initials in the watermark. It is a good *papier vergé*, very like the old Dutch papers, but whiter, and soft enough to take a typographic impression perfectly. There are, however, two objections which seem, rather to our surprise, to have escaped the attention of the publishers; first, that (for editions so choice as these) the paper is too transparent, in fact so transparent that one can read through it quite easily, so that the impression on one side of a leaf spoils the beauty of the other; and, secondly, that it will not lie flat, but is all in hills and dales. Surely these faults might have been avoided in high-class editions like these; they are avoided every day in editions incomparably inferior to them in all other respects.

A few of La Rochefoucauld's Maxims are so constantly quoted that it is impossible to be entirely unacquainted with them; and it happens in this instance, rather unusually, that the passages by which the author is most generally known represent him on the whole with fairness, so that the popular idea of him is not a very false idea. Here, for instance, is a very generally-known maxim; curiously enough it is one of the suppressed maxims, yet, although La Rochefoucauld attempted to suppress it, few things he ever said represent more accurately the peculiarly felicitous severity of his genius, and his deep insight into human nature, not as it pretends to be, but as it is:—

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.

Two things in this maxim are highly characteristic of the author—the unfavourable judgment of mankind which it expresses, and the delicate moderation of the statement. Nineteen moralists out of twenty, having got hold of some similar idea, would have enunciated it too coarsely, and alienated the sympathy of the reader, who would have answered "No, no, we are not so bad as that!" La Rochefoucauld, on the contrary, half wins us, to begin with, by taking care not to affirm too much. He does not say that the adversity of our best friends pleases us, that we rejoice in their misfortunes, but he quietly affirms that there is always "something" to be found in their adversity which does not displease us—some element, whatever it may be, which is not altogether unsatisfactory to us. He goes no further towards a definition of what that element or ingredient really is, but leaves the reader to follow out the train of thought he has quietly suggested. The plain truth is, that as the value we set on our own powers, gifts, good luck of all kinds, is a relative value, dependent in a great measure upon comparison with the blessings which are possessed by others, it follows that the value of our own powers and gifts is enhanced in our own estimation by every misfortune that happens to another. For example, you are not very strong, let us suppose, but still you have the full use of your limbs, and can walk easily to a considerable distance. Your best friend is hurt in a railway accident, and will never walk again. On the whole, this sad accident is sincerely deplored by you, and you would give very likely a considerable sum of money to see your friend as he was before it; nevertheless there is "something" in the misfortune which does

not quite displease you, and that something will probably be a higher sense of the value of your own moderate pedestrian powers. The misfortunes of the rich and great often give a great deal of quiet satisfaction to thousands of people who are not really hostile to them. For example, when the Princess Royal was born, a rumour was eagerly adopted and widely circulated to the effect that she was born blind. People must have found a satisfaction in circulating such a rumour, and the satisfaction was probably, in the case of parents, due to the pleasurable reflection that their own children, though not heirs to greatness, had not been born blind. There is another of La Rochefoucauld's maxims on this subject, which he preserved, and in which the statement of the case is more moderate still:—"Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui." This is not so original as the one we first quoted, nor so highly finished in expression. It is merely a new form of the proverb "Mal d'autrui n'est que songe." It is briefer than Swift's statement of the same idea, but not so pungent. Very probably there may be many others of La Rochefoucauld's maxims in which he has little claim to the discovery of the jewel, but is only the most skilful workman who ever attempted to cut and polish it. The final and perfect form was not always reached *du premier coup*, as we see in this edition by the different readings in the notes. Here, for instance, is one of the most finished maxims in the whole series:—

La philosophie triomphe aisément des maux passés et des maux à venir, mais les maux présents triomphent d'elle.

The finish of this is exquisite. It is literally impossible to remove a single word, and the whole is in such perfect form that it is complete and rounded like a pearl. We may now see how far from this final perfection was the first lumbering expression of the idea:—

La philosophie ne fait des merveilles que contre les maux passés ou contre ceux qui ne sont pas prêts d'arriver, mais elle n'a pas grande vertu contre les maux présents.

This is from the manuscript, but even in the edition of 1665 the maxim had not reached its final shape; for, instead of "et des maux à venir," we find "et de ceux qui ne sont pas prêts d'arriver." How beautifully the last seven words were afterwards reduced to two only—"à venir"! The same principle of concentration may be discovered in many other of the author's corrections, when by the happy use of an adverb, a pronoun, or a preposition, he gets rid of several superfluous words; the following is one of his finished gems:—

Nous nous consolons aisément des disgrâces de nos amis, lorsqu'elles servent à signaler notre tendresse pour eux.

In the manuscript and the edition of 1665 this maxim begins:—"Nous ne sommes pas difficiles à consoler des disgrâces"; and there are two earlier forms of the conclusion—"lorsqu'elles servent à signaler la tendresse que nous avons pour eux," and "lorsqu'elles servent à nous faire faire quelque belle action." It is a most interesting study of French to follow these changes by the help of an edition of this kind, nor do we frequently meet with an author whose alterations are so uniformly improvements.

The tone which predominates in the maxims and *réflexions* is generally that of a quiet scepticism, clear-sighted, and especially able to perceive the weaknesses of mankind and describe them without surprise, anger, or exaggeration. A moralist of a higher type could not long have dwelt upon such subjects without becoming indignant, and, once indignant, would have been incapable of accuracy. There is scarcely a trace of any perception of nobleness, and yet few books are likely to be so useful to persons of noble character, because it is just those persons who are most apt to be blinded by enthusiasm, and La Rochefoucauld can tell them a hundred things which they are not likely to discover for themselves, and yet which it nearly concerns them to know. Here are two truths of this kind—the first likely to be useful as a corrective of the pride of that goodness which is akin to weakness; the other as a restraint upon the philanthropy which counts too much upon gratitude:—

Nul ne mérite d'être loué de bonté, s'il n'a pas la force d'être méchant: toute autre bonté n'est le plus souvent qu'une paresse ou une impuissance de la volonté.

Il n'est pas si dangereux de faire du mal à la plupart des hommes que de leur faire trop de bien.

We find now and then a phrase which seems decidedly on the side of simple goodness; but whenever such a phrase occurs it is pretty sure to be followed by another which expresses the habitual scepticism of La Rochefoucauld's nature; and yet in these cases the sceptical half of the maxim is always sure to be quite as true as the other, whilst it is likely to be more original. There is a good instance of this in p. 151 of the present edition, where we find:—"Il est difficile d'aimer ceux que nous n'estimons point." Here is a doctrine of the most unobjectionable kind. A writing-master might give such a sentence as this to be transcribed in the copybook of his pupils, for the inference obviously is that, if we wish to be loved, we should do well to win esteem to begin with; an enthusiastic nature would conclude, as much esteem as possible in order to win love in proportion, and to win esteem we must cultivate all the virtues; so here La Rochefoucauld's tendency is as good as it can be. Now turn the page. On the top of p. 152 the maxim is completed as follows:—

Mais il ne l'est pas moins d'aimer ceux que nous estimons beaucoup plus que nous.

This last bit is La Rochefoucauld's own. It is much more original

\* *Les Grands Écrivains de la France*. Nouvelles Éditions, publiées sous la direction de M. Ad. Regnier, Membre de l'Institut, sur les manuscrits, les copies les plus authentiques, et les plus anciennes impressions, avec variantes, notes, notices, portraits, &c. La Rochefoucauld. Paris: Hachette.



than the first half of the maxim, and not less true; but the truth which it exhibits is of a kind calculated to restrain the enthusiasm of goodness by showing that it is difficult for any one who is esteemed very highly indeed to be loved at the same time. On the other hand, with his usual moderation, he is very careful not to deny the possibility of it; he only says "it is difficult." Neither does he proceed to give reasons, but it would be very easy to fill pages with illustrations of La Rochefoucauld's laconic affirmation.

His conception of human nature includes incessant reference, tacit or expressed, to the subtle influences of *amour-propre*, and he assigns a more pervading power to this motive than other and less worldly philosophers have usually assigned to it. In the maxim just quoted, as in very many others, the reason why he believes what he affirms is the importance which he attributes to *amour-propre*. He supposes it difficult to love people whom we esteem much more than ourselves, because he concludes that in our intercourse with such people our self-esteem would be wounded by the comparison. La Rochefoucauld, who had an intense *amour-propre* of his own, had sympathy enough with other people to understand that they might have similar feelings. In the little essay "De la Société" there is a very valuable paragraph on this subject in which he really goes to the root of what constitutes perfect good-breeding, whilst he affirms that few practised it in his time. Even in our own day, with all our progress in civilization, people wound each other's *amour-propre* very frequently and without much caring about it. We English are especially pitiless to our inferiors in this respect, and rather like to show an indifference to their feelings as a proof of our social superiority. Perhaps the studying of the following paragraph may do us good, if we are not hereditary incorrigibles:—

Il seroit inutile de dire combien la société est nécessaire aux hommes; tous la désirent et tous la cherchent, mais peu se servent des moyens de la rendre agréable et de la faire durer. Chacun veut trouver son plaisir et ses avantages aux dépens des autres; on se préfère toujours à ceux avec qui on se propose de vivre, et on leur fait presque toujours sentir cette préférence; c'est ce qui trouble et qui détruit la société. Il faudroit du moins savoir cacher ce désir de préférence, puisqu'il est trop naturel en nous pour nous en pouvoir défaire; il faudroit faire son plaisir de celui des autres, ménager leur amour-propre, et ne le blesser jamais.

In La Rochefoucauld's opinion our *amour-propre* augments and diminishes the good qualities of our friends according to the degree of satisfaction which it receives from them. So long as this feeling in us is satisfied, we think that our friends have various merits, but when this feeling is denied the full satisfaction which it desires, the merits of our friends diminish in our estimation. In the first edition (that of 1665) this idea is expressed in a manner very different from the author's usual conciseness, in a long and awkwardly worded paragraph, the meaning of which is that when we believe any one to be hostile to us, our *amour-propre* judges him very severely, making his faults enormous, and putting his good qualities in such an unfavourable light that they become more disgusting than his faults themselves. On the other hand, as soon as the same person becomes favourable to us, or is reconciled to us by a common interest, his bad qualities disappear and his good ones gain new lustre. This is certainly confirmed by the tone of journalism between nations, for example between France and Germany, who have been judging each other with much severity for some years past, and a stern moral disapproval. It would be interesting to follow out this subject in considering the hostility to neutrals and the jealousy of allies. We may have hurt the *amour-propre* of the French people by not helping them against their conquerors, but we should probably have wounded it much more deeply if we had interfered and saved them. La Rochefoucauld, who gave to *amour-propre* so important a place in private affairs, does not seem to have thought so much about national *amour-propre*, and yet the sentiment is even stronger in nations than it is in private individuals. Certainly this is the case in France; for, as it has been well observed by one who knew them, the French people are as remarkable for prudence and good sense in their private affairs as they are for outrageous folly in national affairs, the reason being that in private life a man will sacrifice his *amour-propre* to the interest of his children, whereas the same sentiment acts without restraint in national concerns, and under the name of "patriotism" is the most fruitful cause of war.

La Rochefoucauld's Maxims have an especial interest from the importance which he always assigns to the secret workings of human nature, and from his disposition to study these rather than what is visible outside. It is a great discovery to become aware that there is a latent heat in human nature which is not the less real that it is quite invisible and may remain altogether unsuspected until circumstances call it forth. There is one maxim in this volume, the ninety-first, which is an admirable example of the author's fine capacity to admit the possible existence of passions which neither he nor any one else could detect:—

La plus grande ambition n'en a pas la moindre apparence, lorsqu'elle se rencontre dans une impossibilité absolue d'arriver où elle aspire.

This maxim is quite characteristic of La Rochefoucauld, and exhibits his subtle perception at its best. To admit that there may be something in a man which we cannot see in him is only possible for a highly cultivated mind, or for one with a rare degree of natural sagacity. The vulgar always believe that they know all about people whom they "know"—that is, about people whom they have often seen or talked to. Women especially are wonderful for their confidence that nothing in a man's character can escape them. But what do we know in reality? We see of course that

Cæsar and Napoleon were ambitious, but what of the ambitions which can never by any possibility be gratified?

The publication of so complete an edition as this tempts us to renew our acquaintance with a great writer, and helps us to know more of him than we ever did before. The general impression which remains after this perusal of La Rochefoucauld is that, although he was incapable of rising to any great moral elevation, his acute insight into ordinary human nature makes his observations permanently valuable as a corrective to foolish enthusiasms, and practically useful to people who have to deal much with the world. The Maxims are in fact a mine of worldly wisdom, and it is a great quality in him that he neither sets up human nature in general, nor his own nature in particular, for being higher and better than they were within the limits of his experience. Whatever he may have been in the intercourse of life, he was sincere as a writer, and the immortality of his Maxims is due to the amount of undeniable, yet not commonplace, truth which they contain, and to the delicate accuracy with which it is generally expressed.

#### SEEDS OF SCIENCE.\*

IT has been well said that the only adequate specimen of Burke's style is "all that he wrote." This criticism may in truth be applied to all authors whose works are noteworthy enough to rank as corner-stones in our literature, or indeed in the literature of any land. Nor can any one be supposed to have even a superficial acquaintance with English literature until he has read in its integrity one at least of the works of each of the great masters of the language. Yet here is another little book which, in less than three hundred pages, supplies a history of English literature, with a list, to which biographical notes are added, of all English authors, and specimens of the style of such as were chief among them. It is, in short, a cram-book professing to furnish all the information needed by candidates desirous of passing the Civil Service examination. In the words of the author, it "is simply designed to give a concise, and, as a rule, chronological, account of the principal English authors, noting the leading characteristics of their productions, and, where necessary, the prominent events of their lives." Concise the account certainly is, and bristling with dates as thickly as Haydn's Dictionary. But, if we may suppose such an impossibility as a student painstaking enough to learn it all off, he would still know as little of English literature as a person who had got up all the railroads in England with the names of the engineers who laid them would know of engineering. Mr. Dobson makes no pretension to original research, and his introduction is interlarded with quotations from all and sundry. But unfortunately he does not seem to have mastered his subject sufficiently either to have clear ideas about it himself, or to be quite sure as to who are trustworthy authorities and who are not among the mass of writers who have written upon it. He divides the whole history of the language into eight chapters or periods, with a date beginning and ending each, and yet he explains that it is not his opinion "that our national literature can be unalterably pigeon-holed in the compartments in question." If so, he might have left out the dates with advantage. Then, again, he has himself a glimmering notion that most of the European nations are Aryan nations, speaking cognate tongues, but he expresses this truth in the most confused and perplexing way possible. The definition that "English may be defined as belonging to the Low German division of the Teutonic branch of the Gothic stock of the Aryan or Indo-European family of languages," reads very much like some of the elaborate explanations attached to the appurtenances of the "House that Jack built." Still there are in Mr. Dobson's introduction signs of a leaven of more accurate information concerning their own language being at work even among the compilers of cram-books. Mr. Dobson has found out that English was always English, and he announces that he intends to call it so. The reason which he gives for doing so is thus quaintly put:—"Following many modern writers, we shall at once give it this name of English instead of Anglo-Saxon."

But still, even with the "modern" writers to back him, he does not seem quite easy in his mind at taking so bold a step, and thus quotes from Professor Masson:—

"Though good service has been done by this protest, [i.e. against the use of the term "Anglo-Saxon,"] I am by no means convinced," says Professor Masson, "that it will stand to the full extent. If it is convenient, or even necessary to distinguish modern Italian by that name from the Latin out of which it came, it is no less convenient and necessary to distinguish between the English of the last six or seven hundred years and that older speech, its undoubted original, which prevailed before the Conquest, and between which and our present or recent English there is certainly a greater estrangement, both of vocabulary and of grammar, than between Latin and Italian. Nor does there seem yet to be sufficient reason why the term Anglo-Saxon, so long consecrated by German usage as well as by English, should absolutely be given up."

It seems strange that it does not strike either Mr. Dobson or his authority that the case they cite in illustration tells directly against their argument. If the natives of Italy were to call the

\* The Civil Service Handbook of English Literature. By H. A. Dobson. London: Lockwood & Co. 1874.

The Intermediate Geography. By the Rev. Alex. Mackay. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Son. 1874.

Public School Series of French Books. Henri van Laun and Victor Pleignier. London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

language they now speak Latin, and the tongue spoken by the Romans by another name, that indeed would be an exact parallel to the folly of writers who refuse to allow to our language its own name until it had, in their view, ceased to be English and had become something else. In his virtuous endeavour to eschew the doubtful Anglo-Saxon, Mr. Dobson has fallen from the frying-pan into the fire, for he has hit upon the still more objectionable semi-Saxon. Angles there were, we know, and Saxons too, but the other strange hybrid, the semi-Saxon, would have been a greater "merveille" even than the "men with o leg" of Sir John Mandeville. "Broken English" is a suggestion Mr. Dobson offers instead of semi-Saxon; and as by broken English is commonly meant English mangled by an imperfectly taught foreigner, this looks as if he had a suspicion that, wherever the semi-Saxons hailed from, they never flourished in our island at all events. Before passing over Mr. Dobson's first chapter, we cannot help pointing out that, although the boundaries of the Welsh kingdoms are rather hazy, we still have a clearer notion of their extent than to believe that Strath-Clyde was included in "Western Britain from Galloway to the Land's End"; unless, indeed, Mr. Dobson can prove that the river Clyde in those days did not mean the Clyde, but the Solway. And, for the benefit of Mr. Dobson and his readers, we may add that the word "grail" has been traced to a Basque word, meaning a porringer—a far more likely derivation than the "sanguis realis" which he suggests.

English, according to Mr. Dobson, was conjured somehow out of semi-Saxon by "two revolutions." But the word revolution is used by him in a special and elastic sense. The first revolution means cutting something off, the second adding something on. He tells us that by "the breaking up of its inflexional system, which constitutes its First Revolution," English "became an illiterate patois." By dropping its inflexions English was only following the law which regulates the growth of all living tongues, and which suggests the possibility that the monosyllabic may be the final, as it was the primitive, form of language. If Mr. Dobson will compare the Gospels as translated by Ulfilas and by Luther, he will find the Gothic the more inflected language of the two; yet we suppose he would hardly venture to denounce German as an "illiterate patois."

Mr. Dobson is much more at home among very recent, and we may add very light, English literature than among the writers of the earlier periods. He dwells with much gusto on the novels of Thackeray and Dickens, which he has clearly read and liked; indeed he devotes more pages to these humourists and their works than he does to Chaucer and Spenser. It does seem rather a waste of words, in a book which has to get through English literature in two hundred pages, to describe the work done by the boy Dickens at Day and Martin's as a "subordinate employment in a warehouse in the Strand." And surely Charlotte Smith might have been allowed half a line more to give her her due meed of praise as the reviver of the English sonnet.

We lay this little manual aside strengthened in our opinion that no man, unless he be a "deacon of his craft," should take upon him to write an elementary book about it, and that those who try their "prentice hands" on such an undertaking only add to the distressing number of "our failures." The smaller the compass of the book the greater the man who writes it ought to be. It is only those who have made themselves masters of their subject who dare to express themselves in language clear enough to convey any just notions of that subject to the ignorant, in words so plain and simple that it is impossible for errors to lurk behind them. This truth is becoming more keenly felt every day. Until very recently it was the custom for any Miss Snooks or Mrs. Tomkins who had a fancy for scribbling to dilute a smattering of sense picked up from other people's books with a vast deal of nonsense of her own, and to publish the result of her efforts as a suitable manual for the instruction of young persons. Such manuals, above all if they were couched in the form of question and answer, generally met with a ready acceptance and many purchasers. Within the last few years, however, a great advance in the right direction has been made. Men of mark in their several walks have taken pity on the generation of schoolboys and school-girls, and have devoted time and pains to placing the elements of real knowledge within their reach. It is to be hoped that blunderers will ere long be driven from the field, and leave the task of sowing the "seeds of science" to those who can distinguish the good seed from the tares.

Next on our list comes the *Intermediate Geography Book*. Not very long ago, in touching on the shortcomings of certain small books which treated of the same subject, we gave some few hints as to how, in our opinion, geography ought to be taught. We turn to Dr. Mackay's book in hopes of seeing that our hints have been acted upon, but we lay it down feeling that, in striving to enlighten the compilers of small school-books, our toil, Sisyphus-like, has been wasted in trying to give a lift to a body so dense that it is doomed to fall by the weight of its own dullness. Geography is a most useful science, and one in which the dullest of human beings even can be interested. There is no science moreover about which educated people are expected to know more, and do practically know less. Yet in no other science are errors or ignorance so constantly liable to detection and exposure. Even those terrors of school-children, University Examiners, if weighed in the balance of geography, will be found wanting. We have heard of one of these paragons of

learning who asked naïvely whether a certain group of islands was at the top or the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea, while another criticized the answers given in to the papers he had set, as being like two French sea-ports, Toulon and Toulouse. Not one in a hundred of the best-educated persons could name all the counties of Scotland or the departments of France without a blunder, or at a moment's notice tell where to find Blenheim or Orange, or indeed any of the places in France or Germany connected with English history. Yet all these things children are expected to know by sheer force of memory. The present method of teaching geography is epitomized in the familiar line of Dr. Watts—"Hard names at first and threatening words." The lesson set is made up of "hard names," and the "threatening words" are sure to follow as a necessary consequence of the hard names sifting through instead of staying in the learner's head. In the very first lesson the intellect of a young child is set to grapple with the difficulties of the solar system, or perhaps it is made to calculate how much the circumference of the earth, or the distance between the sun and the earth, would amount to if stated in barleycorns, or some equally absurd and abstruse calculation. Dr. Mackay's Geography-book is neither better nor worse than its fellows. There is no attempt made to explain the meaning or derivation of the names of the places which the learner is required to remember. To make his task harder and load his memory still more, he is now and then told that at a certain place a battle was fought, or some philosopher or statesman, of whom probably he never heard, was born or is buried. Occasionally these are varied by such curious items of information as that Germany is the "stronghold of infidelity," that certain people belong to the "Greco-Latin stock," or "Finno-Tartarian family"; that Dutch is spoken in Holland, but "Flemish in the south," or that the "Ashantees excel in the manufacture of musical instruments." It is clear that, if such manuals of geography find ready sale and are still in use, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses must be the dullest and least intelligent of human beings. They have not yet had their eyes opened to the need of first explaining the reason of the inequalities in the crust of the earth, if they would teach geography aright instead of stuffing children's heads with the names of the haunts of men upon its surface.

The *Public School Series of French Books* is intended to teach French to schoolboys attending public schools. Such boys must at least have some knowledge of Latin, yet from the first page to the last not a word is said to explain the tie between the two languages. Yet one of the most obvious uses of learning Latin is that it furnishes a key to the Romance languages which enables any intelligent boy to master them with half the labour that they cost girls, to whom Latin is forbidden fruit. But M. van Laun and M. Pleignier seem to have set to work with the determination to strengthen the prejudice which looks on Latin as a dead language, so completely do they ignore its existence in modern French. The first part of these little French primers is intended for children of from five to ten years old, yet nearly half of it is devoted to an attempt to teach pronunciation by verbal explanations. All such attempts must be signal failures. No exact equivalents of the sounds of one language are to be found in another. We should be glad to know for whom these explanations are intended. Children can neither read nor understand them, and any teacher who tries by their aid to acquire the pronunciation of French will speak a queer jargon, unintelligible to French and English alike. The compilers themselves have, it would seem, no notion of their own language in any state before its present form, nor any glimmering of light as to the stages of growth it passed through to reach that form. They believe, and would have their pupils believe, that the sole end and aim of accents is to modify sound. "The circumflex accent," they tell us, "is placed over any vowel to give it a long sound." They have yet to learn that not only the circumflex but also the grave and acute accents are almost invariably survivals of a lost letter. Then, again, "eai" is pronounced like "a" in the English word mate, and before s, z, and e mute a little longer, as *un gai*, a jackdaw; *ils songeant*, they dreamed, and so on. It seems hardly credible that any one who either learns or teaches French should imagine that the *e* in such a combination has any influence on the sound, instead of seeing that it is used merely to soften the sound of the *g*.

The grotesque blunders of an Englishman speaking French are a favourite source of fun with our neighbours across the Channel. Every travelled Englishman has some droll story to tell of the embarrassment he felt when he first tried to air his French in France, owing to his inability to distinguish between such words as "cocher" and "cochon," "cauchemar" and "cachemire," "feu" and "fou," "égout" and "ragout." Scarcely a novel issues from the English press without pages sprinkled over with French phrases in which sense and grammar are alike disregarded. Even the *Times* not very long ago, by announcing that Messrs. "Chavire," "Canot," and "Bourrasque" had perished in a boating accident, gave great delight to foreign wits, and made patent to the world our national ignorance of idiomatic French. Yet no other people spend so much time in acquiring a foreign tongue. Some reform is urgently needed in the books used and the way of teaching. In his *Grammaire Historique* M. Brachet has shown how learning French can be made an exercise of the intellect instead of mere gymnastics of the memory, and in his Dictionary he has proved that every word has a story to tell to those who know how to listen to it. But his books, delightful as they are, are not suited to beginners, as they take for granted a considerable knowledge of both French and



Latin. There is great need of a really intelligent French primer containing the first elements of the language scientifically explained. Such a primer would, we feel confident, be hailed with joy by the learners whom it would deliver from the thralldom of Noël and Chapsal's endless rules and countless exceptions, or from the vain repetitions of Ollendorff.

#### LEWES ON ACTORS AND ACTING.\*

WE have more than once had occasion to remark upon the decadence of dramatic criticism, a decadence which is possibly the result of that of the drama itself. It would no doubt be unreasonable to expect fine criticism when there is nothing fine to be criticized; and when plays and players fall into a slovenly state, it is no wonder if the greater number of so-called critics follow their example. But the evil thus caused is unfortunately not merely temporary; for one result of it is that, when a piece of acting worthy of attention breaks the stagnation of the dramatic world, and calls for criticism which shall also be worthy of attention, there is but little answer to the demand. The art of criticism, having been long in abeyance, has, in fact, no standing-point of experience and memory whence it may spring again into life. As the well-being of the drama depends to some extent upon its being fostered by skilled and careful criticism, the evil thus caused is great. The moment, therefore, when there seems some hope of the stage falling upon better days is well chosen for the appearance of a collection of dramatic criticisms by a writer of such great and well-deserved reputation as Mr. Lewes has obtained. It is good that people who, from seeing a long course of frivolities presented on the stage, have fallen into the habit of regarding the stage as necessarily frivolous in its nature, should learn that a man of original thought and power has not judged it a waste of time to devote some consideration to dramatic performances.

In these days when the revulsion from a stilted to a natural style of acting has been carried so far that many actors have mistaken slovenliness for ease, and found in negligent dulness their only escape from bombast, Mr. Lewes's chapter on "Natural Acting" deserves special attention. A remark of Molé, the celebrated French actor, which the author quotes in illustration of his views upon this subject, may be here repeated:—

Je ne suis pas content de moi ce soir; je me suis trop livré, je ne suis pas resté mon maître; j'étais entré trop vivement dans la situation; j'étais le personnage même, je n'étais plus l'acteur qui le joue. J'ai été vrai comme je le serais chez moi; pour l'optique du théâtre il faut l'être autrement.

Readers of Macready's Life will remember that he used the phrase "j'étais le personnage" of himself in the sense of praise; but no one knew better than Macready that the "optique du théâtre" demands that the actor should change for the requirements of the stage the voice and bearing of real life, at one time by exaggeration, at another by suppression. A form of emotion which might be impressive under the circumstances of ordinary life must be intensified and moulded to dignity and grace before its full meaning can be conveyed under the glare of the stage to a large body of people. Thus it is, as Mr. Lewes well remarks elsewhere, that there are many actors full of fire and passion who, upon the stage, appear either cold and passionless, or extravagant in their turbulence, merely because they want the mechanical means by which passion and fire must be communicated to their audiences. Those actors who have ultimately achieved the highest reputations have generally had the most remarkable faults in their earliest days. Talma, for instance—perhaps when at his best the most powerful of all tragedians—was accused at his first appearance as Orosmane of intolerable exaggerations, and that by so competent a critic as Geoffroi. M. Sarcy, writing of M. Mounet Sully's performance of the same character, has pointed this out, and based upon it a hope that the younger actor's genius may in time find its true expression. None who have seen M. Mounet Sully in the passages of poetical feeling with which he is best fitted to deal can fail to share the hope of M. Sarcy. Again Mlle. Georges only made a great success after she had learnt from Talma, whom she met in Russia, how to render the emotion that was in her evident to her audiences. Mr. Lewes gives Mlle. Lucca as an instance of a player's overcoming the difficulties which lie in the way of conveying to others the result of one's own feelings. The acting of Signor Mario, which grew from being nothing to be always admirable, and in some cases exquisite, is another instance of the same thing. Further on the author makes some good remarks upon the necessity of mechanical certainty in acting:—

We sometimes hear amateur critics object to fine actors that they are every night the same, never varying their gesture or their tones. This is stigmatised as "mechanical"; and the critics innocently oppose to it some ideal of their own which they call "inspiration." Actors would smile at such nonsense. What is called inspiration is the mere haphazard or carelessness or incompetence; the actor is seeking an expression which he ought to have found when studying his part. What would be thought of a singer who sang his aria differently every night? In the management of his breath, in the distribution of light and shade, in his phrasing, the singer who knows how to sing never varies. The *timbre* of his voice, the energy of his spirit, may vary; but his methods are invariable. Actors learn their parts as singers learn their songs. Every detail is deliberative, or has been deliberated. The very separation of Art from Nature involves this calculation. The sudden flash of suggestion which is called inspiration may be valuable, it may be worthless; the artistic intellect estimates the value, and adopts or rejects it accordingly.

\* On Actors, and the Art of Acting. By George Henry Lewes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

It may be added that an actor of talent may for a while succeed by trusting to inspiration; but if he repeats the same part many times, there will come a night when his spirits will flag, his impulse desert him, his passion refuse to rouse itself at his call; and then his case will be bad indeed if he have not the studied semblance of feeling to fall back upon and to enable him to call up by help of association the emotion which has failed him.

Of Mr. Lewes's criticisms upon actors of a past generation, those upon Kean, Macready, and Rachel will probably be read with the most interest. But the author's judgments upon individual actors do not appear to be as sound as his general views upon the art of acting. Of Rachel, for instance, he says that she "could not speak prose with even tolerable success," and that she failed in all attempts in modern drama. He must surely have forgotten that Adrienne Lecouvreur was among the finest of the actress's characters. He gives, however, a vivid description of Rachel's Phèdre, and points out with discrimination the fault in the delivery of the words "C'est toi qui l'as nommé," which she spoke "in a tone of sorrowful reproach." Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, who has lately played the part in Paris, takes of this passage much the same view as does Mr. Lewes, and, as she speaks the words, seems to shrink in horror from the name which lays bare her passion, while, in casting from herself the burden of pronouncing that name, she would fain believe that she has cast off something also of her guilt. The author's account of Macready is strangely contradictory, for it is difficult to reconcile his one assertion that the characters in which the actor excelled were "not characters of grandeur, physical or moral," with his other that he was great in "Lear, King John, Richard II., Cassius, and Iago." Mr. Lewes gives a keen description of Mr. Charles Mathews's acting, and his observations suggested by the *Golden Fleece* upon the true method of burlesque acting are valuable; but there is one grave fault in the chapter. Mr. Charles Mathews's Affable Hawk in the English version of *Mercadet* is one of his most important parts; we are, therefore, surprised to be told that it is needless to speak of it. Again, Mr. Lewes thinks it "enough to say that all who had the opportunity of comparing this performance with that of the original actor of the part in France declared that the superiority of Charles Mathews was incalculable." This is a wide statement, and the note in brackets which follows it, concerning another French actor who has played the part, does not lend it any force:—"I have since seen Got, the great comedian of the Théâtre Français, in this part, yet I prefer Charles Mathews." This bare statement of a preference, unsupported by any reason, is the kind of thing which is offered nowadays in the place of criticism by the ordinary run of writers; from Mr. Lewes one might have expected something more. The more weight that is given by a writer's name to his opinions the more desirable is it that, for the instruction of those who read him, he should state the reasons which led him to form those opinions. There are not many better opportunities to be found for fine criticism than in a comparison between the *Mercadet* of M. Got and the Affable Hawk of Mr. Mathews, which are entirely different in spirit and interpretation. That Mr. Lewes should find nothing better to say of the two performances than what could be said by the most uncritical of men, that he prefers the one to the other, is singular. But Mr. Lewes's appreciation of French acting is altogether singular. The only French players whom he mentions with any great praise are Regnier, Provost, and Mme. Plessy, an actress who is almost as cold as she is skilful. Of Bressant's Tartuffe he observes that the actor is "as unfit for Tartuffe as Charles Mathews is for Iago." Now that Bressant has retired, it will be difficult to find any one to play Tartuffe. His performance was so full of fine perception and force that it made one look forward to every entrance of Tartuffe upon the scene; so true, that the scene with Elmire hovered between comedy and tragedy. Mr. Lewes's impressions were derived from M. Bressant's first appearance in the part, and no doubt the actor found much to improve in his performance afterwards, as all fine actors do; yet one would think that to a critical eye some of the qualities which made the acting admirable must have been visible even in its earliest days.

An inconsistency in the author's description of Macready has been pointed out, but there is another to be found later in the book. In a chapter upon "Foreign Actors on Our Stage" there is much said which is very true concerning M. Fechter's acting. In speaking of M. Fechter's Othello it is said that "Othello is black—the very tragedy lies there; the whole force of the contrast, the whole pathos and extenuation of his doubts of Desdemona, depend on this blackness." There have been critics, Hazlitt among others, who have thought that it matters little whether Othello is black or brown. As Mr. Lewes thinks that it matters a good deal, it is remarkable that he should pay no attention to this point in considering Signor Salvini's Othello. His criticism of this actor is valuable as a counterweight to the injudicious admiration which has found in him nothing to blame, but it is also surprising in this, that the writer starts by announcing that his object is "less to consider his insight into Shakspeare than his art as an actor." As to the Italian tragedian's command of the mechanical art of an actor, shown especially in what Mr. Lewes dwells much upon, his power of voice and movement of face, there can be little doubt. We do not want a fine critic to point out what every man can see and hear for himself; and the critic goes but little further than this. Moreover he again contradicts himself in writing of Signor Salvini's Hamlet, of which he says at first that it was not Shakspeare's Hamlet, and that there was in it no wit, no princely gaiety, no infirmity of purpose, no over-activity of

intellect. It is difficult to see what of Hamlet remains except the name when all these qualities are taken away; and we can only suppose that by saying this was the least disappointing of all the Hamlets he has seen, the writer means that no one can play Hamlet, and that the entirely different character presented by Signor Salvini was well played. In that case it would be advisable to call it by another name. Further, it is not easy to reconcile the laudatory tendency of the critic's remarks with what he says at their close, that this Hamlet was "an operatic tenor grafted on the tragic hero; an incongruous union of the pretty with the grand."

The chapter on Macready contains a protest against what the author thinks misplaced sorrow for the actor because his works die with him; and he observes that while other followers of art have nothing but their own material to work upon, the poet and the scene-painter labour for the actor and help his success. This is true, no doubt; but how many are there who without the actor's aid would never know the words of the poet? Is it not the actor who not only communicates the poet's thought to the listening crowd, but even gives new inspiration to the poet himself? It is a pity that much of Mr. Lewes's work is not fuller and more thoroughly considered.

#### THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.\*

*THE Way We Live Now.* We must begin by quarrelling with the incivility of Mr. Trollope's title. "The way we live!" We will not retort by requesting the author to speak for himself, for we do not for a moment suppose the picture here drawn is based upon close personal experience. The satirist has put all the vices attributed to society into a bag, shaken them together, and made a story out of them, and nothing else. His hero is a swindler, and by his audacity and the magnitude of his operations rises almost into respectability out of the base level of meaner worthlessness. Melmotte is always ably, and sometimes powerfully, drawn. His is a life of fraud demanding such constant vigilance, such habits of self-control, such foresight and preparation, such self-reliance and courage, that it is almost great. It is impossible not to sympathize in a degree with a struggle so manfully maintained; not to appreciate the power implied in bearing singly the weight of a terrible secret, the strength of endurance that dispenses with help, whatever the extremity, asks no counsel, and can live alone. The dramatist or the novelist finds in such perversion of strong qualities material worthy of his genius. But a character of this sort should be balanced by its contraries. Benevolence, frankness, simplicity, uprightness should have their representatives, or how are our compassion and indignation to be aroused? Such a satire as Mr. Trollope here favours us with loses all force by its indiscriminate onslaught. If there is a rogue to hate, there should be somebody to love and pity. Where all are knaves and fools guided by low aims, sordid desires, or merely animal instincts, we naturally side with the strongest. Nobody is wronged if nobody gets so much as his deserts. Where everybody else is mean, abject, toadying, sunk in sloth, gigantic knavery and boldness rise almost into virtues.

Let us look at the characters thus brought together. Lady Carbury, described as "false from head to foot, but with much good in her, false though she was," the good being her blind devotion to her son Sir Felix, to whom she sacrifices herself and everybody else. Sir Felix, handsome, but too low in the scale of moral intelligence to do anything even for himself but helplessly follow the base, low desire of the moment; lying, treacherous, remorseless, because he never had a conscience. The aristocratic brotherhood and their club the "Bear Garden," the best of whom gamble through all hours of the night, exchanging their tipsy I O U's at eight in the morning, while the worst are sharpers and blacklegs—all scrupulous in their non-performance of every duty. Their fathers, either wasteful, pompous fools, or baser, lower, more sordid than their sons, for being so much older; more intent on money, more regardless of honour in the modes of procuring it. And all, it may be observed, taking precedence in the scale of degradation according to their rank in the peerage. Thus it is a duchess who introduces the Melmottes to society. It is a duke's son, Lord Alfred, who allows himself to be bullied and ordered about by Melmotte (who had been "obliged to buy him"), eating his dinners, drinking his wine, smoking his cigars, and always longing to kick him, but never doing it. It is a duke's grandson who conceals the ace in his sleeve at loo. It is the Marquess of Old Reekie who swears at his son for objecting to propose to a brewer's widow of forty immediately on the death of her husband, because he was reputed to have left her 20,000*l.* a year.

Nor does it fare better with ladies of condition. All the ill nature of Mr. Trollope's satire falls on those among the sex who have an undisputed standing in society and no mysterious antecedents—the wives and daughters of county magnates. There is a certain Georgiana Langestaffe, who sinks lower than woman ought to be degraded in fiction. She clamours to her parents for opportunities of settling in life; she bargains for these chances with acquaintance in almost set terms; she engages herself to a Jew—not merely by extraction, but by religion—a Jew, rich, fat, greasy, who is odious to her—rather than stay in the country through the London season. Then, finally—the Jew proving too good for her, and re-

sending a letter in which she makes the motive of her acceptance too clear—she runs away with the High Church curate who had declared himself a celibate. Nor do her mother and sister come much better out of Mr. Trollope's hands. The grounds of their objection to Georgiana marrying a Jew, that he is a Jew, seem to him futile. Christianity being what it is in society, why should not women marry Jews? Especially why should not the daughter of a country gentleman of long descent who holds his head higher than his neighbours? The whole picture of family life, the unblushing selfishness, the vulgar squabbles, the meanness of avowed motives and unconsciousness of anything better, the concentration of hope and aim on show and parade, is given in the same strain of bitterness towards recognized position.

We wish to do full justice to Mr. Trollope's extraordinary fertility and resource, but we suspect that after a time respectability as a condition to be made interesting to the reader, or to furnish sufficiently stimulating material to the writer, gets exhausted. Satire, of course, naturally turns upon its shams and pretences, but its credit and presentableness as such, its decorums and reserves, its fair show to the world, whether false or not, become in the course of time stupid and irritating to the jaded imagination. Some tinge of an opposite quality, either in character or surroundings, is required before it can rouse itself to its work. All the women on whom Mr. Trollope bestows the favour of a sympathetic interest in this picture of life we observe to have some discreditable mystery about them. Lady Carbury has gone through unmerited calumny, and is subject to the world's suspicions. Three others are classed by one of themselves as adventuresses, and the heroine of humble life, about whom gathers the comic interest of the story, does her very best to get classed among them. There is still the conventional exponent of the virtue of constancy, blameless and well behaved herself, yet who thinks everything may be forgiven in a man; but nobody can attribute any character to Hetta. She is simply a lay figure, saying precisely the same things in the same words we have heard so often before, just as there is the indispensable respectable admirer whom she steadfastly refuses in favour of the lover familiar to us all, who makes love to two women at once. Not that Mr. Trollope's adventuresses are as bad as they might be, only that respectable people would not care for them in their drawing-rooms. Mrs. Hurtle, the American beauty, who has killed her man, and divorced herself from her husband, has no doubt something to say for herself as to both acts, but her line altogether is at war with our prejudices. Marie Melmotte, the heiress, who has the members of the "Bear Garden" at her feet, but can recall sordid want and ignominy, and has learnt some shrewd lessons in money matters from her varied experiences, makes love on her side on a plan as little congenial with received rules of propriety. She is a favourite with the author, and is drawn with spirit and freshness. One advantage of giving prominence to women bordering on the outlaw class must be particularly felt by Mr. Trollope, who has all the old romancers' taste for blows and fistieuffs, and never thinks a scene of passion complete without one party in it falling tooth and nail upon the other. Now in polite society, however low it has fallen in principles of action, he ought at least to be content to let the men knock one another about; but by escaping from the trammels of an effete civilization he can introduce women into the game, whether as doers or sufferers. Mrs. Hurtle is quite at home in the ferocities of passion, and threatens her lover with a horsewhip in round terms; while Marie Melmotte, who is used to be beaten by her father, lets him pound her to pieces rather than sign away the money he has settled upon her. This is neither the world we live in nor hear about, but it does not seem so very much out of place where it stands.

Two characters in this strange Vanity Fair stand out pleasantly enough; both members of the "Bear Garden"—Lord Nidderdale, whose indomitable good humour gives a sort of grace even to his mercenary courtship, and Dolly (Adolphus) Langestaffe, whose shrewd common sense and easy cynicism, looming through a dense cloud of indolent inanity and vagueness of statement, show the hand of a master.

One subject on which our author justly relied for interesting many of his readers, and which to himself may have presented the attraction of a vein less worked than those of more common resort, is that of bookmaking without a vocation, which certainly may be pronounced one feature of the world we live in. The story opens with Lady Carbury—false in everything she touches—having just finished her *Criminal Queens*, now sitting at her desk inditing letters to three editors, imploring a friendly notice. Her letters are so fluent and plausible, they have run off Mr. Trollope's pen so easily, with so much of his own manner, that we almost wonder that the style of her book is not better than we are led to suppose it. Lady Carbury, humble in her falsehood, trusts much more to her powers of cajoling and coaxing than to the merits of her work. If Mr. Broune, the editor of the *Breakfast Table*, will but issue commands for a favourable notice; if Mr. Booker, of the *Literary Chronicle*, will accept a *quid pro quo*, and in return for her praises of his *New Tale of a Tub*, will celebrate her *Criminal Queens*; if Mr. Alf, in the *Evening Pulpit*, will only spare her, and say something civil instead of cutting her up after the more usual fashion of his paper, she reckons on a good sale. Money she wants in substantial coin—why should she not add 1,000*l.* a year to her income like the people she hears of? But she will be quite content with feigned praise. Mr. Trollope implies for himself a very exact and intimate knowledge of the editorial status and its chances. Mr. Alf, who is minutely described, makes 6,000*l.* a year out of the *Evening Pulpit*,

\* *The Way We Live Now.* By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall.



which certainly proves savage, unsparing criticism a very profitable trade. The more tender-hearted and conscientious Mr. Booker, who would have been honest if his position would have allowed him to be so, makes but 500*l.* a year by his editorship. Mr. Broune's income is left to our own imagination; but he was powerful in his profession, and also "he was fond of ladies," which fact Lady Carbury, handsome still in her forty-third year, had had good reason to know. From him she succeeds in getting a flaming notice. Mr. Booker sadly submits to saying more for her *Queens* than they deserve. Mr. Alf does not depart from the system which has proved so profitable to him and so pleasing to the public; but in spite of the friendship between himself and the authoress, sets Mr. Jones, one of his most sharp-nailed subordinates, upon her book, who pulls it to pieces with rabid malignity. There is a certain sensitiveness in describing the accuracy of this Mr. Jones—his fine scent for misquotations, misdates, misrepresentations. "The world knew him not, but his erudition was always there at the command of Mr. Alf—and his cruelty. The greatness of Mr. Alf consisted in this, that he always had a Mr. Jones or two ready to do his work for him. It was a great business, this of Mr. Alf's, for he had his Mr. Jones also for philology, for science, for poetry, for politics, as well as for history, and one special Jones extraordinarily accurate and very well posted up in his references, entirely devoted to the Elizabethan drama." We can only see in Mr. Alf's staff an argument rather in favour of an anonymous press. It being a feature of the day that people write worthless books, wholly indifferent to their quality, solely to get money, it is well that there should be Mr. Joneses to analyse their worth and tell the truth about them; if it is the truth, that is all the public has to do with the matter. After her *Queens*, which, thanks to the *Breakfast Table*, had a respectable run, Lady Carbury sets about another work in the spirit thus represented:—

It cannot with truth be said of her that she had had any special tale to tell. She had taken to the writing of a novel because Mr. Loiter had told her that, upon the whole, novels did better than anything else. She would have written a volume of sermons on the same encouragement, and have gone about the work exactly after the same fashion. The length of her novel had been her first question. It must be three volumes, and each volume must have three hundred pages. But what fewest number of words might be supposed sufficient to fill a page? The money offered was too trifling to allow of a very liberal measure on her part. She had to live, and if possible to write another novel—and, as she hoped, upon better terms—when this should be finished. Then what should be the name of her novel; what the name of her hero; and, above all, what the name of her heroine? It must be a love story of course; but she thought she would leave the complications of the plot to come by chance—and they did come. "Don't let it end unhappily, Lady Carbury," Mr. Loiter had said, "because, though people like it in a play, they hate it in a book. And whatever you do, Lady Carbury, don't be historical—your historical novel, Lady Carbury, isn't worth a straw."

The name of the story had been the great thing; she had fixed upon the *Wheel of Fortune*. She had no particular fortune in her mind, and no particular wheel; but the very idea conveyed by the words gave her the plot she wanted. We have had scruples in giving prominence to a recipe which may suit the needs of many an aspirant for literary distinction, who feels he could write if only he knew how to begin. The *Wheel of Fortune* gets praised by the *Breakfast Table*, but at the same time Lady Carbury is advised by the friendly editor to write no more novels. As she is a favourite with our author, as a woman, if not as a writer, he makes it up to her wounded feelings in a way the reader will not thank us for telling him.

Perhaps as far as Mr. Trollope is concerned he knows how to write novels only too well; his brain has acquired such a habit of construction, and shakes old ideas into new combinations so easily, that the action is scarcely voluntary, and effort is only called in for extremities, or to give point and weight to a few distinctive passages. While people will read his novels, it is of no use to advise Mr. Trollope to relax in his industry in writing them, merely for the sake of his high reputation. Where habit and a ready pen act together, to stay the hand is almost a physical impossibility—and it is almost as much so to regulate its speed. But till there is a pause we can hope for no more Archdeacon Grantlys, or Mrs. Proudie, or Dr. Thornes.

#### DAVIDSON'S ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.\*

DR. DAVIDSON informs us that his work, which we will not hesitate at once to call a performance of high and distinctive value, originated in a conversation he had with Tischendorf in the summer of 1872, shortly before that illustrious scholar was struck down by the disease of which he ultimately died in his sixtieth year, December 7, 1874. In no other way can we understand why one who is well able, from long study and ripe experience, to arrive at an independent decision respecting the text of the New Testament, should have been contented merely to follow that constructed by another; or, if from any cause he resolved to adopt what was ready to his hand, why he should have selected that one which, of all that have been put forth in recent times, has given the least satisfaction to impartial and competent judges. That Tischendorf, "having just completed the publication of his eighth edition, and contemplating no future

one, because his best efforts had been expended on the finished volumes," should have pressed upon him the enterprise is natural enough; that our author, though "feeling the arduousness of the task," should have "finally consented to gratify a friend whom he loved," is matter for sincere regret to those who do not like to see a master-builder employed in raising a goodly edifice upon foundations of shifting sand. The services rendered to Biblical learning by Tischendorf are so large and many-sided as to exceed all praise, and almost to surpass belief. As a collector of ancient manuscripts he had absolutely no equal. As a collator of the materials, old and new, which lay before him, he was inferior in point of accuracy to none of his compeers, at least in the earlier part of his career. Even after the eye had grown more dim and the attention less fixed, no one approached him in the felicity wherewith he could bring to light an original reading from underneath the mass of later corruptions which concealed it. A bare catalogue of his writings—all of some worth (the Tauchnitz English New Testament of 1869, whereby perhaps he is best known in this country, being at the very bottom of the list), not a few of the highest merit—sufficiently indicates what we have lost by his premature death. Yet it can be no disparagement to such a man to refrain from commending him for qualities which he did not possess; and, until Dr. Davidson's book appeared, we had imagined that by this time all had agreed to recognize in Tischendorf's intellectual constitution a conspicuous lack of the critical, the discerning faculty. His singular inability to estimate aright the evidence which his unwearied zeal has brought together, and to assign to each several portion of it the precise weight, neither more nor less, which it may fairly claim, is painfully manifest in that fluctuation of his judgment, even on matters of primary importance and involving fundamental principles, which we cannot help observing as we turn from one of his editions of the New Testament to another. Between the third of these, published in 1849, and the seventh, completed in 1859, the differences in point of text are no less than 1,296, most of them being due to a growing tendency on Tischendorf's part, which for the moment we neither commend nor censure, to pay more regard than he once had done to the recent, or *cursorie*, manuscripts. The seventh edition had only just appeared when he was fortunate enough to gain access to the famous Codex Sinaiticus, which he at once concluded to be the most ancient and the most trustworthy of all extant copies of the Greek Scriptures. Filled with this persuasion, he forthwith prepared his eighth and last edition (1865-72), that which Dr. Davidson has taken for his guide; whose variations from the seventh edition are reckoned by Professor Ezra Abbot, of Harvard University, to amount to the astounding number of about 3,459. Of these deliberate changes from what only ten years before he had as deliberately taken for the true text of the inspired writings, a large proportion, especially in the Gospels, are countenanced by the Sinaitic manuscript, either virtually or literally alone; so that, if Tischendorf is to be listened to, his accidental discovery of that document has in a manner revolutionized the science of Biblical criticism. The authority of a solitary copy, and that, too, one far more remarkable for its age than for its purity or correctness, is perpetually made to outweigh the opposing testimony of all other known codices, versions, and ecclesiastical writers.

The practical influence of this mode of dealing with the text of Scripture may be illustrated by a single example just as well as by a thousand. The reader of Dr. Davidson's version will find St. John's Gospel end with harsh and even startling abruptness:—"This is the disciple who bears witness of these things and wrote these things, and we know that his witness is true." The final or 25th verse, which tells, in that Evangelist's peculiar style of naïve and forcible hyperbole, how that, if all things were written that Jesus did, even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written, is wholly omitted in his translation. Since Dr. Davidson has bound himself to follow Tischendorf throughout, he was perhaps compelled to repeat one of Tischendorf's worst errors. What we hardly looked for in Dr. Davidson was such a note as we subjoin:—"He [Tischendorf] omits the last verse of John's Gospel, on the authority of the Sinaitic MS. aided by internal reasons" (Introd. p. xiii.) Internal reasons we should have supposed to look the opposite way; and if our author chose to speak about the matter at all, he should surely have represented the case as it really stands. John xxi. 25 is read in the Sinaitic as well as in every other copy which contains the end of the Fourth Gospel; but Tischendorf fancied, from the colour of the ink and the greater fineness of the writing, that it was added to the text by a later hand. He has given us a facsimile of the passage, whereof he says himself, "quamvis quæ different ex omni parte non queant ante oculos poni, præsertim quum maximo momento sit coloris discrimen." He showed the leaf of the original manuscript to more than one Englishman, but they marked nothing unusual in it; among them, to that fine critic and truth-loving scholar, the lamented Dr. Tregelles, who bluntly replied, "Yes, I see; the scribe took a new dip of ink after finishing verse 24." Tischendorf indeed once thought he had found another authority for his bold rejection of the verse, in a Dublin manuscript (Evan. 63) of the tenth century, but he subsequently withdrew the statement, having become convinced by Dr. Scrivener that the concluding leaf of the Irish copy was simply lost. He persisted in his main determination to the last, and removed a whole verse from the Gospel because the writer of Codex Sinaiticus found his pen run dry.

It is all the more to be regretted that Dr. Davidson should have yielded himself up to a guide at once so rash and so capricious as Tischendorf, since his version deserves the earnest attention of

\* *The New Testament*. Translated from the Critical Text of Von Tischendorf; with an Introduction on the Criticism, Translation, and Interpretation of the Book. By Samuel Davidson, D.D. of Halle, and LL.D. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

Biblical students, and cannot be used by any competent person without signal benefit. He tells us that its composition has been to him "a solace in affliction, a relief from the fruitless indulgence of regrets, an engrossing employment amid lonely longings for the society of the just made perfect"; and it is pleasant to perceive, in a work prosecuted at such a season, that the higher qualities of its author's literary character have gathered strength, while his special weaknesses and besetting faults are to a great extent in abeyance. We have heard this book called the best that Dr. Davidson has written; we are sure that he has not published for many a year what the associates and admirers of his early life may read with such genuine satisfaction. His version, like every other that ever has or will be made, is very unequal and occasionally inexact, but it is marked throughout by refined scholarship and sound learning; and the English style is oftentimes very happy in its power and rhythmical cadence. Not that we relish the modern air cast over the work by the substitution of the more familiar termination of the third person singular present tense, "comes" for "cometh," "dwells" for "dwelleth," and such like; and we fail to see the use of perplexing a casual reader by such strange headings prefixed to the several books as "According to Luke," "To Timothy First," "Of Peter Second," and so on. No one imagines that the titles, in any form still existing, are a part of the sacred text; and if it be deemed expedient to make them more simple than those in the Authorized Version, they need not be either grotesque or unintelligible. Here and there too we may note what seems a pure mistake or oversight, as in that hard passage Mark vii. 19, "because it enters not into his heart but into the belly, and goes out into the sewer, which cleanses all the food." How the sewer can in any way be said to cleanse the food, we do not profess to understand; our present purpose, however, is to insist that such a rendering would absolutely require, not *καθαίρον* of the common text, and still upheld by Mr. McClellan, or *καθαίρων*, which we must conclude that Dr. Davidson adopts after Tischendorf, but *ὅτι καθαίροντα*, the apparent reading of the Old Syriac version. No doubt *καθαίρον* is correct, and had been long since properly interpreted by Origen and Chrysostom, who regarded the clause to which it appertains, not as a part of the Lord's discourse, but as a brief passing comment upon it made by St. Mark himself: "This he said, pronouncing all things clean." If the learned reader will run his eye over this volume and pause on passages which have cost him the most trouble, he will not often be so little satisfied as in the instance we have just produced; while it will not rarely happen that Dr. Davidson has seized the very word or phrase which has been hitherto sought for in vain. What, for instance, can be nearer than 2 Pet. ii. 12, "as irrational animals, born with natures (read *γεννημένα φύσιν*) to be taken and destroyed"? or "ignoble" for *ἀγενή*, 1 Cor. i. 28, where the Bishops' Bible has "un-noble"? or his management of the awkward variation, *πειράσαι* for *πειράσθαι*, in Acts xxvi. 28, "With little pains thou art persuading thyself to make me a Christian"—unless indeed it might be an improvement to render "With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian"? We must remember also that the Apostle's retort in the next verse must always be borne in mind, "whether with little or with great." Manifest and admitted errors of the common version are of course absent from our author's pages, so that in 2 Cor. ii. 14 *θριαμβεύω* is no longer taken in the Hippil or causative sense of "making to triumph," but God is said to "lead us in triumph in Christ," as if bound to the conqueror's car. We are not so sure about the knotty text, 1 Cor. xv. 29, where Dr. Davidson, in our opinion, fixes St. Paul's language (in itself ambiguous enough, and therefore better left so, as in the Authorized Bible) to a meaning which seems not very probable—"Else what shall they do who get themselves baptized on behalf of the dead? if the dead are not raised at all, why do they then get themselves baptized on their behalf?" In a place not less difficult, James iv. 5, it is quite right to reject the notion that the latter part of the verse is a citation from the Old Testament, which it plainly cannot be, even in the way of indirect allusion; nor do we much demur to Tischendorf's reading, *κατακρίσεν* for *κατέκρισεν*, resting as it does on the authority of the only three great vocal manuscripts which are extant here; but we would certainly retain the interrogation at the end of verse 5, and not join on to it the first clause of verse 6. Instead, therefore, of Dr. Davidson's rendering, "Do ye think that the scripture speaks in vain? the spirit that he made to dwell in us longs enviously, but he gives greater grace," we would substitute in the second clause, "Dost the Spirit which He planted in us long unto envy?"

It is by tests like these, selected almost at random, that a translation of the New Testament may best be appreciated. We are not bound to acquiesce in an author's decision in every case, or even in a large proportion of those that are really doubtful; but if he be a master of his craft, we shall learn almost as much from his treatment of them when we dissent from his views as when we agree with him. There are, moreover, three capital points wherein the Authorized Version of the New Testament is conspicuously faulty—namely, its careless and almost promiscuous use of the English articles when compared with the definite Greek one; its loose rendering of the tenses of verbs, especially of the Greek perfect and aorist; and, again—a practice so inveterate that the translators almost gloried in it—that of representing the same Greek word by two or three English words in the self-same passage, while just as often a single English word is made to stand for several in Greek. These patent errors of our common version have fallen under the special notice of every one who has attempted to improve upon it in modern times. As, for instance, of Dean Alford (1869),

the Final Committee of the American Bible Union (1869, 1872), Mr. J. N. Darby (1872), and now of Dr. Davidson. But we cannot fail to notice in one and all of them a tendency to carry to excess the necessary process of correction in regard to each of the aforementioned particulars; so that, in their laudable anxiety to produce the exact forms of the original, they too often glide into an English diction which is rugged, pedantic, false to our native idiom, in some places scarcely intelligible. Dr. Davidson, for example, may be quite right in maintaining the definite article "the wrath" in texts like Rom. iii. 5, v. 9, or even (though less certainly) in Rom. xii. 19, as being "a phrase distinctive and often used in the New Testament" (p. xxx.). It is another and a very different thing to indicate its absence by such *monstra* as "an image of the invisible God," Col. i. 15, "an effulgence of the glory and an express image of his substance," Heb. i. 3; the grammatical rule which he violates not being Bishop Middleton's, as he seems to think (p. xxxi.), but having been laid down in substance by Apollonius Dyscolus, a Greek grammarian of the second century, who is often cited in the Bishop's celebrated monograph, "The Doctrine of the Greek Article." Nor is it much less than an absurdity to render *ἀπομύθη* at the beginning of the several parables, Matt. xiii. 24, xviii. 23, xxii. 2, by "was likened" rather than "is likened," on the baseless supposition "that the tense implies a previous narration of the parables before they assumed their present forms and places" (p. xxxii.).

Now that we have tried to do justice to this important effort of his veteran pen, we would fain address to Dr. Davidson a few words of amicable remonstrance. Many of those who differ as widely as possible from his peculiar notions regarding the origin and authorship of the books of Scripture have lamented the hard measure that has been dealt out to him by persons of his own communion, and have sympathized with him "in all strivings to follow conscience through bad report as well as good." Some also who have known him only as an able writer would have been glad to trace in his "Introduction" to the present work a little less keen recollection of the irrevocable past, a more frank acknowledgment of the merits of eminent contemporaries. What need was there to say of Dean Alford that "his knowledge of Greek was not sufficiently comprehensive or exact. It seems, too, that he worked rapidly, performing tasks perfunctorily which required more time and labour than he expended on them" (p. xix.)? The harshest judgments have mostly some element of truth in them, and this perhaps may be of the number, though many of Dr. Davidson's articles of indictment look frivolous, and at least one, that on John vi. 44, is positively mistaken. But why speak thus of a man whose labours gave so powerful an impulse to the study of the Bible in this country; of one who possessed in a high degree the happy art of imparting freshness and interest to all he took in hand; of one who was never slow to confess an error, was even eager to correct it, whenever opportunity offered? Nor is this our only, or our worst, ground of complaint against the "Introduction." It would beforehand have been thought impossible that any one could write some forty pages about the text of the Greek Testament without naming Samuel Prideaux Tregelles; yet his ancient fellow-worker has managed to accomplish the feat. Writing as he does in May 1875, within a month after the death of Tregelles (April 24), we fail to discover the slightest recognition of the labours of a most fruitful life; unless, indeed, Tregelles be referred to, as for the sake of truth and Christian comity we heartily hope he is not, in the following sentence:—"When he [the author] sees that in some Greek Testaments of considerable pretensions, the very citation of critical authorities is tinged with unfairness in the interest of a creed, he is all the more on his guard against such influences" (p. xxxix.) Such ungenerous silence (for silence we prefer to consider it) in regard to our distinguished countryman contrasts strongly with the indiscriminating praises heaped on Tischendorf. If Dr. Davidson will condescend to look into the recent publications of Frank Delitzsch, who is unquestionably the greatest Biblical scholar now surviving in Germany, he will find the departed English critic whom he thinks it unnecessary to name spoken of in a spirit as honourable to the writer as to him whose services in the best of causes we thankfully commemorate.

### THREE NORTHERN LOVE STORIES.\*

FRESH and bracing as sea breezes, and bright and clear as the waters beneath them on a sunny day, are the love stories of Gunnlaug the Worm-tongue and Frithiof the Bold. As we read them we are carried backwards many a year and northwards many a mile, and we become familiarly acquainted with the manner of life led of old by those wondrous Northmen among whom such dauntless souls animated bodies so marvellous for strength and endurance. It is not given to every lover of old romance to master the ancient tongue in which these stories were composed, but he may now read them in English with the certainty that all has been done for them by the translators which a rare command of both languages can ensure. For all the versions of old Norse romances on which Mr. Magnússon and Mr. Morris have lavished such pains may serve as models for conscientious translators to keep in view.

\* *Three Northern Love Stories, and other Tales.* Translated from the Icelandic by Eiríkr Magnússon and William Morris. Ellis & White. 1875.



The best among the three stories contained in the present volume are the first two, those of Gunnlaug and of Frithiof, of both of which paraphrases were contributed by Mr. E. H. Jones to the *Tales of the Teutonic Lands*, which he and Mr. G. W. Cox published three years ago. The former story, assigned by tradition to Ari the Learned, the father of Icelandic history, tells how Helga the Fair, when a newborn babe, was doomed to death by her father, who had dreamt an ominous dream about her. But her mother saved her, and when she was six years old her father saw her for the first time, and rejoiced in that she had not been killed. For she was very fair to look upon, and she grew up to be "the fairest woman of Iceland, then or since." With her the youthful hero Gunnlaug fell in love, and she was promised to him, on condition that he should go abroad for three winters before claiming her hand. So he sailed away, first to Norway, where he distinguished himself by uttering perilous words in the presence of the great Earl Eric, and next to England, hauling his ship ashore by London Bridge. Here he gained much renown by slaying a viking "big and strong, and right evil to deal with," and by singing such praises of King Ethelred as made that monarch bestow upon him a "scarlet cloak lined with the costliest of furs, and golden-broidered down to the hem." Thence he passed on to Ireland, where "King Sigtrygg Silky-beard, son of King Olaf Kvaran and Queen Kornlada," was so carried away by his minstrelsy that he was on the point of rewarding him with a couple of ships, but was restrained by a prudent treasurer. A little later he came to Upsala, where he met another Skald from Iceland, named Raven. And a quarrel arose between the rival minstrels, which ended in Raven's leaving Sweden and going back to Iceland, and there asking for the hand of Helga the Fair. Meantime Gunnlaug also had left Sweden, but before returning home he visited England again, where he was long detained by King Ethelred, so that he did not reach Iceland until the appointed three winters were past, and Helga had become the unwilling bride of Raven. Then Gunnlaug challenged his rival, and after a time a fierce battle ensued between them, fatal to both. Time went by, and Helga married again, and had children, but she loved her second husband as little as the former one, for she could not cease to think of her first love, though he was dead. Her chief joy was to gaze at the cloak which Ethelred gave to Gunnlaug, and which Gunnlaug had given to her. And one evening, after she had long been ill, she sat in the "fire-hall," and leaned her head upon her husband's knees, and sent for the cloak. And when it came, she gazed on it awhile, and then sank back upon her husband's breast, and died.

In the second story, Frithiof the Bold, "the tallest and strongest of men, and more furnished of all prowess than any other man, even from his youth up," woos the fair princess Ingibjorg. Her brothers, the Kings Helgi and Halfdan, scornfully reject his proposal, but she secretly plights her troth to him. Hearing of this, the royal brothers send Frithiof to gather the tribute of the Orkneys, and during his absence they burn his homestead at Foreness and rob it of all its goods. Also they hire two witch-wives, who, by song and spell, raise such a storm as threatens to swamp Frithiof's good ship *Eldhi*. But even when the sea waxes woodrout, and so great is the drift of snow that none may see the stem from the stern, and huge breakers crash on all sides against the ship, Frithiof and his gallant comrades struggle fearlessly onwards, raising their voices in song amid the roar of the hostile elements, until the good ship comes safe, though not sound, to shore. But during his absence Ingibjorg is forced to accept as her lord the old King Ring. When Frithiof returns, and finds that his homestead has been burnt, and his betrothed taken from him, he gives way to his wrath, and not only smites King Helgi, but burns down the sacred "Place of Peace," in which he finds him. So he is outlawed, and forced to go abroad, wandering from shore to shore, gaining great riches and renown as he goes, slaying evil men and "grimly strong thieves," but letting husbandmen and chapmen abide in peace. Returning to Norway he visits in disguise the home of King Ring and Ingibjorg, his queen, and there tarries all the winter, doing good service, and rising high in the King's favour. And in the springtide when "the weather groweth fair, the wood bloometh, the grass groweth, and ships may glide betwixt land and land," the King goes forth one day into the woods, to look upon the fairness of the earth. And, finding himself apart from all his attendants but Frithiof, he lies down on the grass and goes to sleep. Presently Frithiof, who watches by his side, draws his sword from its sheath and casts it far away from him. And a little while afterwards the King awakes, and says, "Was it not so, Frithiof, that a many things came into thy mind e'en now? But well hast thou dealt with them, and great honour shalt thou have of me. Lo, now, I knew thee straightway that first evening thou camest into our hall; now nowise speedily shalt thou depart from us; and somewhat great abideth thee." So before long Frithiof is made ruler over all the realm, and when the old King dies, "Frithiof made a noble feast, whereunto his folk came; and thereat was drunken at one and the same time the heritage feast after King Ring, and the bridal of Frithiof and Ingibjorg."

Of later and less simple workmanship is the story of Viglund, beginning with an account of his mother Olof, "the fairest fashioned of all women of Norway, so that her name was lengthened and she was called Olof Sunbeam," who was carried off from the man whom her father wished her to wed by the lover to whom she had herself plighted her troth. For when it lacked three nights of the

day on which she was to marry Ketil, Thorgrim went up to the house of her father, Earl Thorir, and entered the drinking-hall, which was full of men, the bride sitting on the bench and the King in the high seat, and the feast being at its full height, "and so many lights were there in the hall, that no shadow fell from aught." Then and there he challenged Ketil to fight out the dispute between them; but while the rivals were talking, "all lights died out throughout the hall, and there was mighty uproar and jostling; but when lights were brought again the bride was gone, and Thorgrim withal, and all men deemed it clear that he had brought it about; and true it was that Thorgrim had taken the bride and brought her to his ship." One of her sons by her marriage with Thorgrim was Viglund the Fair, between whom and Ketilrid, his love, many obstacles were cast. And at length she was forced to marry one Thord, though "she deemed the man old, and she said she had no heart to be married at all." Thord treated her well, "but no gain that seemed to Ketilrid, because of the love she had for Viglund; for ever she bare about the flame of desire in her breast for his sake." At length, however, it was found that Thord was Viglund's uncle, who had wooed Ketilrid in order to keep her safe for him whom she loved, and so all went well, and "Viglund and Ketilrid loved their life exceedingly well now."

The third story seems stiff and forced when compared with the two others, which are full of natural vigour and poetry. There is a witch-storm in it, but there can be discerned in its description no spark of that poetic fire which glows in the noble account in the Frithiof story of a similar tempest. There are many love passages, but no trace of the tender simplicity with which Helga's life-long sorrow for Gunnlaug is told can be found in such elaborate statements as that relating to Viglund and Ketilrid; "they twain loved ever hotter and hotter, with secret love and desire enfolded in their breasts, even from the time they first grew up; so that the roots of love and the waxing of desire were never torn up from the hearts of them; even as the nature of love is, that the fire of longing and flame of desire burneth ever the hotter, and knitteth the more together the breast and heart of the lovers, as folk stand more in the way thereof, as kith and kin cast greater hindrances before those betwixt whom sweet love and yearning lieth." To heathenism, moreover, except in the matter of the witch-storm, no reference is made; but it is to its echoes from old heathen times that the story of Frithiof owes much of its charm. Though repeated by an evidently sceptical narrator, yet the account of "Baldur's Meads" has something about it grand and mysterious. We see the "Place of Peace," on a strand by the sea, "and a great temple, and round about it a great garth of pales"; within are many gods, "but amidst them all was Baldur held of most account." Thither are Ingibjorg and her maidens sent for protection when her brothers go forth to war against King Ring. But Frithiof follows her there, deeming her love "of more account than the gods' hate," and there, in a bower "hung with cloth of pall and precious webs," he and she plight their troth. And when the kings, Ingibjorg's brothers, return, we see the Hall of the Goddesses "all thatched with white linen," for Frithiof had said to Ingibjorg:—"As soon as ye wot of the kings' coming home, spread the sheets of your beds abroad on the Hall of the Goddesses, for that is the highest of all the garth, and we may see it from our stead." And, lastly, we have the fine picture of the burning of Baldur's Meads, whither Frithiof follows the kings, who have gone there to sacrifice to the gods. When he enters the Hall of the Goddesses, "there were the kings at their blood-offering, sitting a-drinking; a fire was there on the floor, and the wives of the kings sat thereby, a-warming the gods, while others anointed them, and wiped them with napkins." Seeing a ring of his on the arm of King Helgi's wife, as she warms Baldur at the fire, he seizes it, and drags her by it over the pavement towards the door, so that Baldur falls into the fire. "Then Halfdan's wife caught hastily at Baldur, whereby the god that she was warming fell likewise into the fire, and the fire caught both the gods, for they had been anointed, and ran up thence into the roof, so that the house was all ablaze."

This is the fullest of the accounts of heathen practices incidentally given in the stories, but there are references here and there to heathenish ideas which add greatly to the poetic charm of the narrative, as when King Beli dies and a mound is raised above him, and soon afterwards Thorstein, Frithiof's father, lying upon his death-bed, says, "Now would I be laid in my mound over against King Beli's mound, down by the sea on this side the firth, whereas it may be easiest for us to cry out each to each of tidings drawing nigh." The story of Hogni and Hedinn, which follows the love stories, is almost entirely heathenish, being a late version of a mythological tale handed down from pagan days, just as that of Roi the Fool is a Northern version of one of the numerous tales about cunning and subtlety which have found their way from Asia into Europe, the Western mind having always found it more easy to adapt than to create such narratives.

Many incidental allusions to historical events, and illustrations of the manners and customs of old times, occur in the stories. Thus we read that, when Gunnlaug arrived in London, "King Ethelred, the son of Edgar, ruled over England, and was a good lord; this winter he sat in London. But in those days there was the same tongue in England as in Norway and Denmark; but the tongue changed when William the Bastard won England, for thenceforward French went current there, for he was of French

kin." To the despotic power of parents in the good old pagan days witness is borne by the casual reference to the fact that "when all the land was heathen, it was somewhat the wont of such men as had little wealth, and were like to have many young children on their hands, to have them cast forth, but an evil deed it was always deemed to be." Of milder manners many a genial picture is given, such as those representing the feast at which "Thorgerd sat in the high seat talking with her brother Thorstein, while Olaf was talking to other men; but on the bench right over against them sat three little maidens"—or the worthy Earl Angantyr "sitting at the drink," while one of his men sat and kept watch at the watch-window, looking weatherward from the drinking-hall. "From a great horn drank he ever; and still as one was emptied another was filled for him"—or Thorstein teaching Gunnlaug, as they sit together in the hall, how to woo a wife, and having his precepts carried into practice by his pupil, who promptly demands the hand of his teacher's daughter—or a Skald reciting to kings and nobles such songs as bring in "good keepsakes, fair swords, or golden rings," and many another scene beside. Of the songs themselves with which the stories are interspersed it is not easy to judge. To ears unaccustomed to the conventional rules by which Icelandic minstrels were bound there seems to be more poetry in the prose than in the verse of the storytellers, and some readers may think the ingenuity mispent by which the songs in their English garb have been made to catch the trick by which they were originally marked. It is not often that they are as pathetic and as intelligible as the stave which Viglund sings after parting from his love:—

Amid the town we twain stood,  
And there she wound around me  
Her hands, the hawk-eyed woman,  
The fair-haired, greeting sorely,  
Fast fell tears from the maidens,  
And sorrow told of longing;  
Her cloth the drift-white dear one  
Over bright brows was drawing.

#### ASSOCIATED ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETIES' REPORTS AND PAPERS.\*

WE have noticed the successive volumes of these Associated Societies whenever we have come across them, because it is always well to see what is going on in the antiquarian way in different parts of the country, and because it commonly happens, as it does in the present case, that each volume, among much that is very poor, contains a certain proportion of really good matter. And we may add that the name of "Architectural Societies" is far from giving an adequate view of the contents of the volume, or of the objects of the Societies. Many of the papers, especially those from Bedford, Leicester, and Sheffield, are not specially architectural at all, but enter on the general field of antiquarian research. Thus the Leicestershire Society is represented by a paper on Leicester municipal antiquities by Mr. James Thompson, whose name, as an expounder of such matters, is known far beyond his own town. The volume of course throws off with Lincoln, and Lincoln with the inevitable Archdeacon Trollope; but this infliction is somewhat counterbalanced by the presence of Sir Gilbert Scott and of the Precentor of Lincoln, Mr. Venables. Northamptonshire is represented by Sir Henry Dryden, who, on any subject which he undertakes, is sure to give hard work and no pretence. What one chiefly wonders at is that there is so little, and that of so little importance, from Yorkshire. On that great county there is plenty to be said, and not a few of its inhabitants are quite capable of saying it. But we have always noticed a singular lack of Yorkshire matter in these volumes. Perhaps the antiquarian scholars of that county are less long-suffering than their brethren of Leicester and Northampton, and may have no fancy for being bound up in company with the Archdeacon of Stow.

The Archdeacon himself is a study. He is the kind of writer with whom it would be a relief if he would make a good blunder. But this we seldom get. He wanders from this place to that, everywhere missing the point of the matter in hand, everywhere showing that he knows nothing of what scholars have been doing for the last twenty years, but seldom saying anything at which we can really laugh. When the Archdeacon tells us that William Peverel was a natural son of the Conqueror, it hardly rises to the rank of a blunder; it only shows that the Archdeacon is a little behindhand in his studies. It is more exciting when Mrs. Hamilton Gray, whom we always connected with Tarchon rather than with William, tells us that William Peverel was the Conqueror's brother. It has long been a privilege of genealogists and local antiquaries to call any man a nephew, and any woman a niece, of the Conqueror, but when it comes to brothers, the thing gets more serious. Who were the parents of this newly-discovered brother? Robert and Herleva? Herleva and Herlwin? Robert and some unknown mother? Herleva and some unknown father? There is an originality and a daring about Mrs. Gray's statement which we lack in the oft-repeated tale of the Archdeacon. Still, the Archdeacon's tale

is not exactly a blunder. His way of doing things is the more amazing when we think of the associations which are naturally awakened by his name. The name of Trollope at least suggests a certain degree of liveliness in dealing with either history or fiction. We know not whether the Archdeacon has the honour of any kindred with the more eminent bearers of his name; if he has, one would think that he has, in a spirit of praiseworthy self-sacrifice, undertaken to do the heavy department for the whole family. Once only does he really kindle, and that on a subject which one would have thought was hardly archidiaconal. He is very eager to set up some kind of monument in honour of Lord Byron.

We turn with pleasure from the Archdeacon's yearly labours to the more important contributions of a fellow-dignitary of Lincoln diocese, though we do not exactly see how much of the paper on the choir of Lincoln Minster—we give the church the name which it has borne for eight hundred years, rather than the new-fangled affectation of "Lincoln Cathedral"—belongs to the Precentor, and how much to Sir Gilbert Scott. Anyhow, it contains a record of really careful and intelligent observation of St. Hugh's choir, and establishes the fact that it was vaulted from the beginning. Lincolnshire also contributes a paper on rood-screens and rood-lofts, by Mr. M. H. Bloxam, who was known a generation back as the author of a little book on mediæval architecture which stood to the writings of Professor Willis and Mr. Petit in the same kind of relation in which the endless little books which we have to review about English history stand to the writings of Professor Stubbs or Mr. Green. He has somehow appeared again among the Lincolnshire papers, though his discourse has no special reference to Lincolnshire. He goes very deep into the matter of roods and lofts, and quotes a good deal of Greek with some false accents and false spellings, but it is plain that he can never have seen a basilica. After Lincolnshire comes Yorkshire, where Mr. G. Rowe undertakes to talk about the two most remarkable churches of Lastingham and Kirkdale. But the writer seems to have caught the spirit of the General President of the whole undertaking, and misses the point of all which he describes. In examining Kirkdale, he seems never to have thought of looking at the western doorway, a remarkable monument of English work which is recorded to belong to the days of Edward the King and Tostig the Earl. Built therefore between the years 1055 and 1065, it shows, like the Lincoln churches ten or twenty years later, the old primitive style slightly modified by the sight of Norman models. Strange to say, Mr. Rowe, while describing the famous sundial which records the rebuilding of the church by Orm the son of Gamal, seems to think that nothing of Orm's church is now standing.

From Bedfordshire we have a paper on Bedford Castle, by Mr. D. C. C. Elwes, which is a curious instance of the way in which some people delight to go hammering on at inferior authorities when the story is written plainly enough in primary authorities. The West-Saxon conquest of Bedford is plainly recorded in the Chronicles under the year 571. But, instead of turning to the Chronicles, Mr. Elwes turns to Richard of Cirencester, whose date of 580 he somehow turns into 510. He tells us that there is a reference to Mathew of Westminster and Roger of Wendover; in the margin he quotes Mr. Mayor's marginal analysis about Oeawlin "taking Bedford and other towns," and adds, with great simplicity, "it seems he took them from the Britons." Then he goes on to Fethanleah, which Richard corruptly writes Frithonleia, having clearly no notion where Fethanleah is and where it has been thought to be, and having, it is too plain, never having heard of Dr. Guest. Of the three writers in his text and in his margin he innocently comments, "These authors, I suppose, are not independent authorities, but only give the same facts." Bedford is again mentioned in the Chronicles under the years 918 and 919, in which last year Edward the Elder reared there one of his fortresses. But again Mr. Elwes does not seem to have looked at the Chronicles, or to have got any nearer to them than Roger of Howden. This of course is better than when he goes on to flounder about, not only with Camden, Holinshed, and Dugdale, but with Milles' *Catalogue of Honour* and Bank's vol. i. p. 27. All this is to prove something about Stephen's time, but Mr. Elwes does not seem to have thought of looking to William of Malmesbury, to Henry of Huntingdon, to Robert de Monte, to Orderic, or to the *Gesta Stephani*, on which last Mr. Elwes innocently quotes Mr. Hartshorne as making a certain statement—"I imagine on the authority of the author of the *Gesta Stephani*, whoever he may have been." We cannot tell him who the author was; but fancy a man writing about Stephen's time while he has to imagine that a certain statement is taken from the *Gesta Stephani*, and does not turn to the book itself to see whether it is so. In return we must ask Mr. Elwes who Milles and Banks may have been; we conceive that at any rate they were not writers of the twelfth century.

From this kind of thing it is a comfort to turn to such a paper as that of Mr. Thompson on the Rolls of the Mayors of Leicester. In the very first paragraph we see that we have left the company of a man who does not know what he is talking about for that of a man who thoroughly does know. Mr. Thompson's opening description of Leicester would be a good lesson for Mr. Lowe, or for anybody else who has not learned to understand the difference between greatness and bigness. He shows that, when Leicester was besieged by the Conqueror, its population was only about 2,500. He comments, "in this respect Leicester was only a village. But in other respects it was far different. It was not a mere collection of scattered dwellings whose tenants were united by no political tie; it was a walled town, whose indwellers constituted an organized

\* Reports on Papers Read at the Meetings of the Architectural Societies of the Diocese of Lincoln, County of York, Archdeaconry of Northampton, County of Bedford, Diocese of Worcester, County of Leicester, and Town of Sheffield, during the Year 1874. Lincoln: Williamson. York: Pickering. Bedford: Thompson.



society, or municipal community." It is hardly too much to say that these words contain the essence of all European history. It is the difference between the city and the village which gives the historical character which belongs to Rome and to Leicester each in its own measure. Mr. Thompson goes on to trace how at Leicester the Mayor with his French title supplanted the ancient Alderman, the single Alderman who, at Grantham and some other places, went on till the days of municipal reform. Of the history of his own borough, of its relations to other boroughs, and even of the relation of municipal history to general history, it is plain that Mr. Thompson is thoroughly master. Yet even he seems to have gone a little astray with regard to the general history of England. He would almost seem to have been reading Thierry; at least, he fancies a broad distinction between "Saxons" and "Normans" in the last half of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century, which, if it was to be found at Leicester, certainly was not to be found anywhere else. He also remarks:—

At the period when these early elections of Mayors took place, the distinction between Norman and Saxon—between the men descended from the Conquerors and the men descended from the subjugated people—was generally insisted on; as appears from the names borne by the chief officers. Thus, we meet with the names of William Fitz-Levric, William of St. Lo, Simon Curlevache, Peter Fitz-Roger, Henry de Roddington, Alexander Debonair, Thomas Gumpfey, Geoffrey Maclerk, and others—all of which indicate the Norman origin of their possessors.

Now this list, which, like all lists of the kind, has its value, really proves, not the distinction between Normans and Englishmen, but the lack of any distinction. William of St. Lo, Simon Curlevache, Alexander Debonair, and Geoffrey Maclerk, can hardly fail to have been of Norman descent. But William Fitz-Levric—that is, as Mr. Thompson himself sees, William the son of Leofric—is an undoubted Englishman. He is one of the endless cases in which the father bears an English name and the son a Norman one. As William was Alderman in 1209 and 1214, we thus see that the name Leofric was used in Leicester in the time of Henry the Second. Now a son of this William would appear as Robert Fitz-William, with every outward sign of a Norman. We are therefore left quite uncertain as to the descent of Peter Fitz-Roger. He may have been either English or Norman. In his case, as in those of Henry of Roddington and Thomas Gumpfey, there is nothing to show to which of the two races he belonged, and it is quite possible that none of the men themselves may have ever given a thought to the matter.

The volume contains several other papers, some of them useful and unpretending. Those that we have spoken of are the best and the worst. The more such an inquirer as Mr. Thompson gives us on his special subject the better. As for the Archdeacon and Mr. Elwes, they will do well to learn something before they again take upon themselves to teach.

#### THE MIOT MEMOIRS.\*

OF the whole library of autobiographies of actors more or less eminent in the great European drama that began with the assembling of the States-General under Louis XVI. and ended with the Second Restoration in 1815, not one can be said to cover so wide a field as the Memoirs of Count Miot de Melito; and, the work having been out of print almost ever since the *Saturday Review* came into existence, its timely republication at a new crisis of French history seems almost like the production of an original work. It is possibly the very extent of the ground over which the three volumes travel that has made their contents less known and quoted than those of other works of far less real interest, but which are easier for the general reader to grasp, because more limited in scope. Yet the personal evidence as to the history of the First Empire borne by one who filled such offices as are mentioned in the title, and who was indeed constantly in high employment under it, cannot but have a real value if honestly given. Added to this, Count Miot was the secretary and trusted friend of Joseph Bonaparte, and shared his transitory glories in Italy and Spain. According to the testimony of his son-in-law, General Fleischmann, under whose supervision the work was originally sent out, "he was in the habit for many long years of writing down each evening what he had seen or learnt during the day." And if he was by nature not prone to mere scandal for scandal's sake, like certain other notorious autobiographers, he seems never to have gone out of his way to cover the faults of the great personages with whom he was associated, as they were naturally revealed from time to time to his observation. If not a very graphic writer, caring little indeed for pictorial effect in his narrative of events, he may well have trusted to the importance of the scenes he witnessed for the assurance that the new account he gives of many of them cannot fail to have interest for the student of that stormy period of the world's existence. In short, as General Fleischmann's brief preface indicates, the work is one which will be found to cast some really new light on the history of that age. Our only difficulty at present, and it is a very embarrassing one, is to select within our limits from these three closely printed volumes what shall give a just idea of the mass of information stored up in them.

The first chapter is by no means the least interesting. It deals with events leading up to the great Revolution of 1789, and closes

with the enforced transfer of the captive Court from Versailles to Paris. This reminds us forcibly that the recent struggle to keep the seat of Government conveniently near the turbulent metropolis, and yet beyond the immediate reach of its mob, is but a renewal of that in which nearly ninety years since King Louis signally failed. Miot's father was a War Office functionary under the old régime of Louis XV., and the son was naturally brought up to follow him in the same line. No pains were spared in his education, which took him from the school at Ham to Metz, Belgium, and Holland in succession; and in 1788, being then twenty-six years old, he had not only attained various accomplishments, especially in foreign languages, but was judged fit for the appointment of Commissary of War to a model army division which was being formed at St. Omer under the Duke of Guines. Prussia was at that period, it appears from the opening pages of the Memoirs, every whit as closely looked to as the model for all things military as she has been during the last few years. The influence of Frederick's surprising victories, though a quarter of a century had passed away since they were won, still prevailed throughout Europe with the army reformers who then, as now, contended for change. The recent Lives of Scharnhorst and Clausewitz by German writers have shown how fatal this prestige of success was to all true martial enthusiasm in the victorious army that went to sleep securely on its laurels. But in France the universal feverish desire for change, for getting rid of the old ways and seeking something more living in the new, had reached the military service like the rest of the nation in the years before the States-General; and Brienne, the Minister who controlled military affairs, believed, like many other Frenchmen, that the regeneration of the national force was to be found in exact and servile imitation of the warriors before whose lesser numbers Frenchmen had turned their backs in flight at Rosbach. So in the camp of St. Omer Prussian discipline and Prussian tactics were in the mouths of the leaders and in the orders of the day. And, strange to say—another survival from a much older stage of the military history of Europe—Swiss regiments in French pay were present, and were avowedly held up as models both for their general order and their advance in the new forms of drill. "This ended by their exciting," adds Miot, "much more jealousy and aversion than emulation or desire to imitate them; and one may unmistakably trace the first germs of the spirit of insubordination that shortly afterwards manifested itself in the French army to experiments which were imprudent in themselves and opposed to the national character."

Notwithstanding this erroneous view, the work done at St. Omer seems to have been honest and painstaking. The trouble then taken to improve in details would prove a singular contrast, if studied closely, to the extraordinary carelessness in all such matters at the more famous Camp of Boulogne seventeen years later, the inner history of which has been so graphically revealed in the *Souvenirs de Fécussac*. But we are only at the very outset of the work, and must hurry rapidly forward to glance at the close of the *ancien régime*, as Count Miot describes it. He returned to Versailles in October 1788, and though he had been absent not many weeks, found that a complete change had come over the whole of French Court life. As he tells it briefly:—

To the respectful silence of courtiers and valets, to rigorous forms of etiquette preserved with inviolable respect until now, there had succeeded a liberty of speech and expression such as the ears of our princes were little accustomed to. You could perceive an intermingling of different classes of society, a more easy access into the inside of the palace itself, in fact that peculiar familiarity which services asked for and rendered on either side establish between men. The two Assemblies of Notables, the failure of the designs of Cardinal Loménie's Ministry, the positive pledge that the States-General should really be convoked, the first appearance of seditious movements within Paris, the return to power of M. Necker, and the various popular cries of the day, had worked this great change. Outward observances were still kept up, but were frequently violated with impunity. In short, the Court, such as Louis Quatorze had made it, existed no more.

Count Miot, of the calm neutrality of whose political feelings his son-in-law enables us to judge by declaring that his conduct throughout the Revolution never left him ground for remorse, got on well enough at first under the Committee of Public Safety. Brought into confidential employment at the War Office, he became the favourite of the Minister, Bouchette, an ignorant creature of Danton's, who appears to have put him into the post to treat him, as we know by the secret correspondence of the time in Grimoard's work, with undisguised and coarse contempt. From this department, however, Miot was presently transferred to that of Foreign Affairs as Secretary-General, after having been more than once threatened with arrest for his connexion with the extinct order of things. The time, he says, was one of "horrible torment for all France," but he could, after its dangers were escaped, look back with real interest on certain social meetings at the house of the Minister, Deforgues, with such leaders of the Revolution as Danton, Legendre, Fabre d'Églantine, Camille Desmoulins, and others destined to fall successively before the strokes of the monster they had helped to raise up. Robespierre, whose policy was from the first to keep much apart, joined these gatherings only once. Of him Count Miot says:—

His toilet well arranged, his hair carefully dressed and powdered, composed in his manner, he formed the strangest contrast to the disorder and affectation of gross vulgarity displayed in the dress and manner of his colleagues. Grave in his bearing, he took a very slight share in the conversation, throwing in only a few sententious phrases. But despite the immobility of his pale sinister visage, he might every now and then be seen to be ill at ease; and I learnt later that he had felt indignant with

\* *Mémoires du Comte Miot de Melito, Ancien Ministre, Ambassadeur, Conseiller d'État, et Membre de l'Institut.* 2<sup>me</sup> Ed. Paris: Lévy.

Deforgues for having brought together men whom he already feigned to look upon as uncertain patriots, or, what was still more culpable in his eyes, Moderates. So during this dinner the conversation grew generally constrained. And I could see besides, by the very few words Robespierre used, that he was desirous of distinguishing himself as a statesman of mark. He spoke of the foreign relations of France, of the necessity for extending them, and of renewing the alliance with Switzerland. He had already enquired into the subject at the Ministry; and I remember that it was not without some terror that M. Colchen, who was at the head of the Swiss section, found himself summoned by the Minister to a conference at which Robespierre was present. I relate this just to show that, even at that early time, this man was aspiring to be the head of the Government; and that, wishing to seize the reins of power, he was ambitious to acquire beforehand the reputation of a statesman and politician of large views.

The Reign of Terror, once begun, ran on to its well-known consummation. Scarcely four months after Danton's execution, Buchot, a new Foreign Minister—in the slang of the day, when a new name had to be found for every institution, the Commissioner of Foreign Relations—announced one morning to M. Miot, "with an infernal smile," that a decree had just been passed to arrest him, with Colchen and several of the other chief functionaries of the office, as charged with being Moderates. This said, he went off to defend Robespierre, his own special patron, at a debate in the Commune. Happily for Count Miot and for his readers, the 9th Thermidor had now come. The very day of the announcement was that of the sudden reaction in which some of his threatened victims managed to overthrow the tyrant; and so the newly accused officials of the Foreign Office were saved. The Revolutionary Tribunal had indeed got into such clockwork order in its deadly routine that an attempt was made to carry out the decree even after its authors were themselves on the way to the scaffold. But it was then happily possible for friendly interposition to get the fatal order put off until it ceased to be valid. The new masters of Paris and of the Government of France were eager to get the machine they had seized into working order. Buchot of course was got rid of; and after half-an-hour's examination of his fitness for the post, his late Secretary-General was, to his own astonishment, named to the vacant post provisionally. On such sudden promotion, Count Miot tells us, he worked with indefatigable zeal to throw life into the office; and this may well be credited, for he was thenceforward brought into daily personal communication with such men as Cambacères, Sieyès, and Carnot. The new turn of the revolutionary wheel had replaced butchers and melodramatic actors with a set of rulers some of whom possessed at least education and some elements of statesmanship.

His knowledge of foreign languages, a very rare accomplishment among Frenchmen of that day, caused the author to be transferred from the temporary Ministry to the difficult duties of plenipotentiary in Tuscany, then striving in vain to keep neutral. He held this post, or similar commissions at Turin and Rome, during Bonaparte's famous campaign of 1796, and soon discovered with the rest of the world that France had produced an altogether new teacher of the art of war. No part of these very interesting volumes has more interest than this, which tells how the writer's own diplomatic duties became gradually subordinated to the policy of the aspiring General of the Directory. We transcribe as an example his first interview with Napoleon, whom he caught after a long chase, just returned from driving Beaulieu and the relics of the Austrian army up the Adige passes into the Alps:—

I was strangely surprised at his appearance, for nothing could be more remote than this from the conception I had formed. In the midst of a numerous staff I saw a man of stature below the middle height, and extremely slight. His hair was powdered, and cut in a peculiar manner squarely below the ears, and then fell behind on his shoulders. He was dressed in a close-fitting coat, buttoned all the way up, and ornamented with a very slight embroidery of gold, and he wore a tricoloured plume in his hat. At first glance his appearance was certainly not handsome. But he had marked features, a quick and searching eye, whilst his animated and sharp gesture showed ardour of soul, and his large and thoughtful forehead profound power of reflection. He made me sit down by him, and we talked of Italy. His way of speaking was brief, and at this time very incorrect.

For the Corsican had not yet fully put on the French dress in which he afterwards dazzled the world.

A short mission on special service from Italy to Corsica naturally threw Miot into contact with the great general's elder brother, Joseph, who accompanied him on his voyage back to Italy; and so the intimacy was formed which coloured the rest of our author's career. For though henceforth still in constant high employment, he became attached entirely to Joseph's person from the time that the latter was sent, as yet only as Prince, to govern Naples. "He will employ you," ran the Imperial letter, "in the administration of the kingdom of Naples in such manner as he judges best for my service." From Prince presently made King, Joseph was transferred soon after to the more stormy throne at Madrid, whither his friend and secretary accompanied him; and the second half of the Memoirs is directed mainly to chronicling the events of that Peninsular struggle with which our own military history is so deeply concerned. We cannot attempt to follow Count Miot here. It is enough to say that the harsh conduct of Napoleon towards his good-natured and irresolute brother, and the difficulties created for the latter in Spain by the Emperor's arbitrary treatment of its affairs from a distance, are better told here than in any other narrative that can be perused. Having kept in close retirement during the First Restoration, Count Miot naturally shared, this time as Councillor of State, in the brief sunshine of the Hundred Days. Waterloo deprived him of employment and pension, and left him with narrow means to nurse his dying son, who had received a mortal wound in the defeat that ruined the last hopes of the Empire.

Obliged to sell a modest estate which he had acquired in the country, Count Miot spent the rest of his years in strict retirement at Paris, devoting himself to various literary labours, the success of which gave him twenty years later the honourable title of Member of the Institute. But his other writings have proved of but fugitive value as compared with this posthumous work, of which we can best close our too brief notice by commending it to the attention of every student of the history of the French Revolution, and of the Empire that rose upon it into short-lived grandeur.

#### WAS IT A MARRIAGE? \*

*Was it a Marriage?* is a story which contains one highly sensible remark, and the only pity is that the author has not carried the spirit of his own saying a good deal further. He takes his heroine into a remote part of the coast of Ross-shire, where she finds a model orphanage, muffins at breakfast, and other unusual advantages, among which may be reckoned a Scottish peasantry who speak an intelligible dialect. This is accounted for by the author's modesty:—"As I am entirely unable to do justice to the language of our North-country neighbours, I must be excused for giving their conversation in our own tongue." "Our own tongue," to tell the truth, is not always done justice to in *Was it a Marriage?* We read of a "dependable stipend," of a person who is "to be wholly untrusted," and of an "anti-sympathetic" character, in which word the *sym* is surely superfluous. Such dialectical variations are less annoying perhaps than the Scotch of novelists, which generally consists in calling every one canny, and spelling love without the *v*. But the pity is that the writer has not carried his diffidence about the Scotch language into Scotch affairs generally. The marriage laws of our North-country neighbours may be peculiar, but the people who live under them are not precisely idiots. When a marriage ceremony is performed in a charade, they do not take it for granted that the performers are married in earnest. Nor is it the case in Scotland that any one who pleases can enter anything he likes in the registrar's books, and that the entry is binding. If these things were so, *Was it a Marriage?* would possess one respectable incident, which would help to excuse the inexperience of the style and the looseness of the plot.

There are two heroines in *Was it a Marriage?* but the author has found them, as Mr. Harris complained of Mrs. Harris's eighth baby, "one too many." "I had every intention," he frankly says, "when I first commenced these pages that Renée too should have had her fair share of attention," but Renée has to be slurred over rather unfairly. Her share of attentions from the opposite sex began, or "first commenced," when she was fourteen, and was wooed by a wicked squire of forty-five, who dyed his moustaches. Renée discovered this, or some other unrevealed iniquity, and at the age of sixteen, when we first make the acquaintance of her and her sister Antoinette, she is suffering from a broken heart. The two girls are daughters of a country clergyman, Dr. Brecondale, who confides to his eldest daughter, six months after their mother's death, that his marriage "was a long mistake from beginning to end," and that he, and an old love of his, are now "free again, yes free as air." With a parent so callous Renée and Antoinette might scarcely have been happy, but both of them were thoughtful, cultivated girls. Renée, to be sure, was not fond of reading, but she was very quick, and picked up scraps of knowledge which enabled her to quote St. Augustine, Erasmus's advice to Viglius Zuichem, and other learned authorities. Antoinette really was a student; her memory was stored with fragments of such writers as Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Ward Beecher, and Mr. Tom Taylor in his criticism of the Doré Gallery. Long passages from these recondite authors are scattered liberally through *Was it a Marriage?* and there can be no harm in extracting a gem of Mr. Ward Beecher's. Mr. Beecher says, it appears, that "there is a vast amount of ugliness in human nature that will show itself, if you deal with man so as to excite it. If you choose to stir him up from the bottom, you will find plenty of mud." It is a pity that, knowing this, Mr. Ward Beecher has stirred man up from the bottom.

The chief factors in the culture of Antoinette Brecondale were enthusiastic admiration of Gustave Doré's pictures and of *Jane Eyre*. Both these works of art had a fatal influence on her fortunes. When her delightful father had married the lady who was free as air, and had left his English parishioners, described by him as "a set of cads," for the cares of a colonial bishopric, when Renée had gone to pursue her studies of Erasmus and St. Augustine at Heidelberg, where she had her "full share of the attentions" of the German Bürschen, Antoinette, following the example of Jane Eyre, accepted the charge of an orphanage on the coast of Ross-shire, and on her passage through London looked in at the Doré Gallery. "Every separate subject revealed depths of feeling, character, and imagination which seemed to satisfy cravings coming from the very depths of her soul." She saw the "Triumph of Christianity," the tigers eating the martyrs, and the poor tiger which has got no martyr. She also saw a "young man habited in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, but, may be, we ought not to judge too severely, he was some young High Church clergyman."

\* *Was it a Marriage?* By Karl Häkne. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1875.



This wicked young man was "stealthily peeping at Andromeda chained to the rock." Another young man, about thirty-five years of age, "undoubtedly a handsome man," was stealthily peeping at Miss Brecondale, and, when she left the Gallery, "Mr. Loudoun almost unthinkingly followed her."

When Antoinette, after the usual perils and adventures of a journey by the Highland railway, reached the Orphanage in Ross-shire, she was not very kindly received by the matron, one Tibbie. We may omit her passages of arms with this staunch Presbyterian, her difficulties with the doctrine of the Shorter Catechism, and her preference of the milder theological teaching of Mrs. Sherwood's *Fairchild Family*. Antoinette was preached at by the minister, threatened with the wrath of the elders, and comforted by the kindly, but theologically undecided, old lady whose benevolence had taken the shape of establishing a model orphanage in the North. This old lady's name was Loudoun; she was the aunt of the handsome young man of thirty-five, and the object of her life was to see him married to her niece, Miss Janet Dun Staffnage. With this in her mind she invited the cousins to stay with her at Heatherbrae, and it was while lurking in the conservatory there that Janet overheard Loudoun speak of her as *blasée*, a flirt, and up to mischief. "This little girl was a strange mixture of good and evil; she had her redeeming qualities like most others, but at present the bad preponderated—curiosity, cunning, impetuosity, and an unbounded spirit of aggravation reigned rampant; she was moderately gifted, but excessively conceited." This amiable creature, finding that she could not pique Loudoun into a flirtation, told him plainly that "Deeds, not words, shall in future be my motto with regard to my dealings towards you. You shall yet learn to hate me, if you do nothing else." Her idea of "deeds" was peculiar, and she confides some of her plans to Antoinette:—"I broke his best fishing-rod last time he was here. . . My! when it was found out, wasn't there a row. He'd a new dress-coat sent him from London, and I cut out the pockets, and made little clean slits all over with a penknife just before he left. I've often wondered what he thought of it, when he got to Edinburgh and wanted to put it on. Oh! I do detest him."

Miss Dun Staffnage's "unbounded and rampant spirit of aggravation" did not stop short at taking liberties with her cousin's new dress-coat. She included in her spite Antoinette, who had checked her flirtation with a handsome Highland gilly, and devised a remarkable plot to ruin all. Charades were got up, in spite of the just anger of the Presbytery, at Heatherbrae. The last scene was to be an interrupted marriage. Janet induced Loudoun to take the man's part, assuring him that the girl was to be a boy in disguise, and Antoinette acted the girl, believing that Loudoun was a certain Miss Hawthorne in man's dress. Both expected that the service was to be interrupted in the play; but Janet saw that it was carried out to the point in which the contracting parties express consent. She bullied a poor fool of a young Scotch divine into pronouncing some sort of benediction, and the extraordinary thing is that not only she, but every one present, believed Loudoun and Antoinette to have become man and wife. It was scarcely necessary for her accomplice to get hold of the parish register and record the marriage there, for all the company, though they knew that the "consent" was given in jest, and so, even by the letter of Scotch law, was not binding, were fully convinced that the marriage was legal. Antoinette and Loudoun are represented as overcome with dismay. They ask all their friends who are supposed to know anything of legal matters what they are to do, and in reply get evasive answers and long quotations from Mr. Wilkie Collins's preposterous romance of *Men and Wife*. At last they are "forced into bonds," like two of the characters in Mr. Tennyson's idylls, and, wearied of their uncertain position, marry in an Episcopal chapel, but do not live together. How they see each other occasionally, how they learn to love each other, and how Mr. Loudoun almost persuades himself and his bride that he had pined for her ever since he saw her contemplating the "Triumph of Christianity" at the Doré Gallery, is told pleasantly and naturally enough.

People who find themselves married in a charade in Scotland, and who are troubled about the matter, will do well to consult the nearest procurator-fiscal, instead of turning to the pages of Mr. Wilkie Collins. The author of *Was it a Marriage?* might have found some simpler way of "making his hero and heroine very uncomfortable," which, as he ingenuously says, is all he wants, than the hypothesis that universal imbecility prevails north of the Tweed. If he writes another story, he will find it worth while to consider the fortunes of his heroines carefully before committing himself to more than he can easily manage. Poor Renée is put off with the broken ankle which is the invariable cross of heroines in this world, and with the consequent attentions, and finally the hand, of a certain Herr von Amerbach. She was meant for better things, but then the process of making Antoinette uncomfortable proved more difficult and tedious than the writer expected or the reader likes. Under such circumstances a cautious author reconstructs his story, especially an author who has still to make a name, and win a hearing. A sentence like the following, which we have read several times, and each time without extracting any meaning, might be left out in the process of reconstruction:—

Now some people have a wonderful capacity for sorrowing. They appear so constituted that they realize their affliction to its furthest point, and imbibe it to its very dregs; and whilst certain such "draw it home, and live in it, waiting and willing"—growing strong, too, in moral culture

through it—that somehow good will yet be found, else wherefore were they born"—others succumb wholly under its load, and never rise high enough in this life to understand the time is yet coming when "they shall see of the travail of their souls, and be satisfied."

Sorrow seems to be conceived of here as something which has "dregs," which can be "drawn home, and lived in," unless it crushes people under its weight, while the quotations may be read with all kinds of emphasis, without signifying anything whatever, either by themselves or in the context. Want of care, and patience, and of a probable plot, are the faults of *Was it a Marriage?* The author will probably learn that a knowledge of the works of Messrs. Carlyle and Lecky is not so rare as to justify constant quotation. He will also perhaps avoid the inconsistency which gives the first volume of his tale a "tone of fervent piety, in which the others," as the undergraduate said of the Synoptic Gospels as contrasted with St. John's, "are almost entirely deficient."

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE handsome volumes of Edward Mohr\* carry us back to a time when South Africa was a more favourite field for the enterprise of travellers than at present. The great discoveries in Central Africa have thrown South African exploration into the shade, and it perhaps requires the political problems which seem likely to attach themselves for long to the question of colonial federation to revive public interest in the subject. On this head the reader will learn little from Herr Mohr; whose merit it is to have presented a vivid, though unpretending, picture of the general features of the more remote districts of the colony, and to have incidentally conveyed a tolerably clear idea of the conditions of agricultural life and the general capacity of the country for settlement by Europeans. The general impression communicated is that the progress of wealth and population must be slow, and that the Cape legislators are not so very wrong in deeming extensive schemes of federation for the present premature. The elements of an elaborate political organization, at least, hardly seem to exist in any of the proposed members of the confederation except the Cape Colony, and it is to be foreseen that any central authority, whose seat must necessarily be at Cape Town, would find great difficulty in making its authority respected in wild and remote outlying districts. Of the agricultural capabilities of these districts our traveller reports favourably in the main; their progress is likely to be gradual, and liable to interruption from droughts, locusts, and similar scourges, but on the whole there can be little doubt of their capacity to support a fair European population. Native labour, it appears, has been made available with good success, and may be relied upon as an element in the development of the colony. These observations apply equally to Natal, a district more favoured by nature than any other in South Africa, but also liable to greater vicissitudes from physical and political disturbances. The sporting adventures, which constitute a large portion of Herr Mohr's book, are well told, but present no feature of novelty. His love of enterprise carried him far beyond the limits of colonial civilization; he reached the great Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, which he describes enthusiastically, and has pictured in a frontispiece. A series of determinations of the latitudes and longitudes of places is a real contribution to geographical science; and an appendix contains a valuable paper on the geology of the South African diamond-fields, by Adolf Hübner, who considers the diamonds to be of sedimentary origin, and to have been transported by water from their original matrix to the alluvium where they occur at present.

Professor Meinicke† is not one of those geographers who, like Strabo, make it a point of conscience to acquaint themselves with the countries they describe through the medium of personal observation, but belongs to the no less meritorious class whose labours are redeemed from the character of mere compilation by the consistent application of scientific principles to the mass of information derived by them from every attainable quarter. The Professor has now devoted nearly fifty years to the exclusive study of Polynesia, and appears not only to be well acquainted with everything written on the subject, but also to have acquired, by dint of experience, an almost infallible tact in assigning its due place and just importance to each separate particular. The result is a most satisfactory monograph, full of information, and at the same time clear and compendious. The first volume is devoted to Melanesia, including New Guinea and the adjacent islands, and New Zealand. The geography of the various islands is considered first, and is followed by a description of the population. Professor Meinicke's account of New Guinea is remarkably full, and does not, we are concerned to add, corroborate the statements of Captain Lawson in any one particular. While fully sensible of the discrepancies between the Melanesians and the Polynesians proper, the Professor seems to think that an ethnological affinity between them is not wholly out of the question.

The republication, with a German translation, of King Oscar of

\* *Nach den Victoriafällen des Zambesi.* Von Eduard Mohr. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Hirt. London: Nutt.

† *Die Inseln des Stillen Oceans, eine geographische Monographie.* Von Professor C. E. Meinicke. Th. I. Melanesien und Neuseeland. Leipzig: Froberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

Sweden's discourse on his predecessor, Charles XII., originally delivered in 1868, is no doubt a mere book-selling speculation prompted by His Majesty's recent visit to the German capital. It is not, however, uninteresting to be thus enabled to form an opinion of the literary claims of a monarch who, more than any other contemporary ruler, has distinctly aspired to a place in literature. King Oscar appears in this elegant and well-studied oration as highly cultivated, dexterous, slightly fanciful in his similes and analogies, and rather sophistical. His natural good taste has enabled him to hit exactly the proper tone in speaking of a predecessor whose headstrong errors proved the ruin of his kingdom, but whose genius and exploits are nevertheless an inseparable portion of the national renown. It is manifestly the royal speaker's intention throughout to represent his own family, sprung as they are from the Gascon *bourgeoisie*, as the legitimate inheritors of the glories of the house of Vasa, nor, after Bernadotte's adoption by Charles XIII., can the claim be regarded as wholly unreasonable. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that, while the distinction of Bernadotte's grandsons has been acquired by the arts of peace, the last lineal descendant of the Vasas is espoused to one of the first officers of the age, the King of Saxony. King Oscar's discourse betrays almost unconsciously a dread of Russia, and a disposition to lean upon any Power capable of affording protection against her, which, under present circumstances, can hardly be any other than Germany. The traditional alliance between Sweden and France may be regarded as dissolved, not by any misunderstanding, but by the imperious force of events. One position taken up by King Oscar, quoting the national historian Geijer, is indisputable—that the history of Sweden is the history of its Kings. No modern State has possessed such a nearly unbroken series of exceptionally gifted sovereigns, or monarchs whose romantic careers, whether fortunate or disastrous, are so inseparably interwoven with the fate of their country.

The history of Charlotte of Brunswick, stepdaughter of Peter the Great, though melancholy enough, was not more so than frequently happens in the case of marriages contracted solely for reasons of State. An amiable, and not a silly, woman, she was transplanted at an early age to a semi-barbarous Court, among a people to whose manners she could never accustom herself, and whose language she could never learn; espoused to a sullen, capricious, dissolute young savage; and exposed to the hostility of the most influential personages about the Czar. There is nothing very exceptional in this destiny; but the poor Princess has incurred the additional misfortune of being systematically denounced by all the historians of her adopted country—one does not very well see why. To judge from her correspondence with her parents, now for the first time published, there is nothing in her character that need weaken the commiseration justly due to the victim of the neglect and brutality of the Czarewitch Alexis; her great misfortune was the want of pliancy which disabled her from adapting herself to Russian manners, and left her destitute of all friends except her German suite. In this respect she offers a marked contrast to her successor, Catherine II., whose *début* at the Russian Court was in other respects very similar. Peter the Great seems not to have behaved unkindly to his stepdaughter, although he no doubt found it difficult to take much interest in her. She died in childbirth, October 1715; the narrative, published half a century afterwards, of her escape to Louisiana, marriage with a French officer, and subsequent adventures, is wholly fictitious. The editor of the correspondence has performed his task well, illustrating his text with a variety of kindred matter; and his work must be pronounced highly interesting, notwithstanding the dismal nature of the subject. He observes that the Princess would have fared much better in Russia if she had become a member of the Greek Church, a step rendered difficult by the religious animosities of the time. In illustration of this he records a *mot* of the pastor Nitzsche on the occasion of the Princess's betrothal:—"We have given one of our princesses to a Papist, the second to a heathen, and should opportunity present itself, we are ready to give the third to the devil!"

If F. von der Wengen's work on the military operations before Belfort in January 1871 † should prove the last of the interminable series of publications on the late war, it may justly be said that what began in tragedy has ended in farce. The good people of Baden, it appears, have thoroughly imbibed the conviction that the action of Lisaine, fought before Belfort at this late period of the campaign, alone prevented an invasion of Germany by the troops of General Bourbaki, and are proposing to commemorate this great national deliverance by an appropriate monument. This coming to the ears of Herr von der Wengen, an officer who seems to have taken some part in the campaign, he addressed a communication to the Committee for the erection of the memorial, entreating the members by no means to make themselves ridiculous, but rather to keep their money in their pockets, inasmuch as there had never been any idea of an incursion on General Bourbaki's part. This interference was naturally taken amiss; Herr von der Wengen was taxed with want of patriotism, and menaced with the

indignation of General Werder, the reputed saviour of his country. Finding it impossible to silence the Committee in any other way, the critic has himself erected a tolerably substantial memorial to the Belfort campaign in the shape of a voluminous narrative of it from his own point of view, in which he has not very successfully attempted to write down to the level of unprofessional readers. The controversy between him and the Committee continues, but we apprehend that he will have the best of it, inasmuch as he has only to write, whereas they have to subscribe. It seems probable that professional jealousy is at the bottom of the dispute, one party being desirous of magnifying the services of General Werder, whom Von der Wengen apparently holds to have been a bad tactician, who gained no victory at Lisaine, and crossed the plans of General Manteuffel, to whom the success of the campaign was chiefly owing.

It is now generally admitted that the cosmic theory of Laplace was anticipated by Kant in his *Natural History and Theory of Heaven*, published in 1755, which attracted little attention at the time. Herr Schultze \* now endeavours to show that the modern theory of evolution, in opposition to that of special creation, existed potentially in Kant's mind, and is fully implied in numerous propositions enunciated by him, and only requiring to be demonstrated by the researches of specialists. He certainly appears to establish his point, due regard being had to the fact that Kant's views on the course of Nature are rather deduced as corollaries from his general principles than precisely indicated by his assertions respecting physical science. It must also be borne in mind that Kant was by no means a materialist. In fact, however, Herr Schultze considerably attenuates the pre-eminence he claims for his hero by incidentally demonstrating how generally the idea of evolution was latent in the physical speculation of the time. Linnaeus thought that the first part of the earth to be inhabited might have been a land like Mexico, so elevated as to allow of every variety of climate, upon which the various races of animals might have been gradually formed in accordance with climatic conditions. Bonnet remarked that, if we could see the first horse and the first serpent, we should find their appearance exceedingly different from that of the race at present. Moscati, whose treatise was reviewed with approbation by Kant himself, held that the erect position is unnatural to man, and from a sanitary point of view even pernicious. He can only, Kant thinks, have been led to adopt it by the endowment of an innate germ of reason, leading him to postpone present convenience to future advantage, a view which, if on the one hand it presupposes some original distinction between man and animals, implies on the other the original similarity of their anatomical conformations.

Baron von Hertling's refutation of materialism † is a clear and able statement of the arguments on the other side of the question, to which, as was to be expected, it makes hardly any addition of importance.

Herr A. Hartmann's manual of International Law in Time of Peace ‡ is a very unpretending work, published, as the writer will have it, by accident. It was not an unlucky accident which has at all events enriched the literature of the subject with another compendious and perspicuous digest.

Mayence was an important Roman military station during the Imperial period, and its vicinity has supplied a large number of inscriptions, which have been collected and translated by Dr. Becker. § Their range in point of date, so far as can be determined from the mention of Consuls, is from 192 to 276 A.D., but the occurrence of the name of Tiberius shows that the station was occupied much earlier. The inscriptions to the memory of civilians are comparatively few and unimportant; most of the military epitaphs even are dedicated to private soldiers. The votive inscriptions afford some interesting exemplifications of the worship of foreign, especially Gaulish, deities.

Berthold Auerbach's latest novelettes || are not very pleasant in point of plot, and bear too obvious traces of having been deliberately prepared for the book-market. They are nevertheless highly finished in style, clearly and forcibly narrated, and very readable.

*Fridolin's Secret Marriage* ¶, by A. Wilbrandt, is one of those peculiarly German attempts at humour which to the readers of other nations appear too far-fetched and too nearly allied to the grotesque to be really amusing. Although, however, the particular joke designed may miss fire, it is impossible to be insensible to a pervading spirit of geniality which goes far to make amends.

The June number of the *Rundschau* \*\* has an article of much

\* Kant und Darwin. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Entwicklungslehre. Von Fritz Schultze. Jena: Dufft. London: Williams & Norgate.

† Ueber die Grenzen der mechanischen Naturerklärung. Von G. Freiherrn von Hertling. Bonn: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ Institutionen der praktischen Völkerrechts in Friedenszeiten. Von A. Hartmann. Hannover: Meyer. London: Nutt.

§ Die römischen Inschriften und Steinsculpturen des Museums der Stadt Mainz. Von Dr. J. Becker. Mainz: Von Zabern. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| Drei einzige Töchter. Novellen. Von Berthold Auerbach. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ Fridolin's heimliche Ehe. Von A. Wilbrandt. Wien: Rosner. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* Deutsche Rundschau. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Leipzig: Paetel. London: Trübner.

\* Carl XII. als König, Krieger und Mensch. Ein Lebensbild von Sr. Majestät Oscar II. Aus dem Schwedischen übersetzt von E. J. Jonas. Berlin: Imme. London: Williams & Norgate.

† Die Kronprinzessin Charlotte von Russland, Schwiegertochter Peters des Grossen, nach ihren noch ungedruckten Briefen. Bonn: Cohen. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ Die Kämpfe vor Belfort im Januar 1871. Von F. von der Wengen. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.



interest on Heine, in which the original draughts of many of his most beautiful poems are published for the first time. Some new pieces, of no extraordinary merit, are also printed, and there is a pretty full account of his relations with the musical composers and publishers who appropriated his texts without so much as offering him a copy of the setting. The number also contains Gerhard Rohlfs's account of his expedition into the Libyan desert, a valuable narrative of the Posen insurrection of 1848, by General Brandt, and some masterly translations of Leopardi's dialogues, by Paul Heyse.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 6d., or \$7 50 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

## PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

Now ready, VOLUME XXXIX., bound in cloth, price 16s. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

## CONTENTS OF No. 1,029, JULY 17, 1875:

- The Redistribution of Seats. The Carlist Reverses. The Labour Laws. M. Buffet and the Imperialists. The Limits of International Law. Lord Russell on National Education. Irish Peasages. M. Renan on Universities.
- The Gens. Wives and Housewives. M. de Laveleye on Ultramontane Policy. The Seyid's Visit. More Ships. The Famine in Asia Minor. Exhibition of Works in Black and White. The Operas. The July Week at Newmarket.
- La Rochefoucauld's Maxims. Seeds of Science. Lewes on Actors and Acting. The Way We Live Now. Davidson's English Version of the New Testament. Three Northern Love Stories. Associated Architectural Societies' Reports and Papers. The Mist Memoirs. Was it a Marriage? German Literature.

## CONTENTS OF No. 1,028, JULY 10, 1875:

- Germany and Russia—Household Franchise in Counties—England and India—The French Assembly—The Results of Convocation—The Judicature Bill—Elementary Teachers in Ireland—Algeria—Factory Children.
- Scruples—The Daughter Visible—Ritual Uniformity—Upper Pembrokehire and Teifside—End of the Beecher Case—The Twelfth of July in Ulster—Coroners—A Year's Railway Accidents—Architecture at the Royal Academy.
- Primers of Greek and Roman History—Two Books on Iceland—Swinburne's Essays and Studies—The Large Game—McClellan's New Testament—Colbert—Thorn-ton on Indian Public Works—A Nine Days' Wonder—Minor Notices.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PICTURE GALLERY, open all the year round, for the Reception and Sale of Pictures by celebrated Artists of the English and Continental Schools. Solid Works are removed immediately.—Apply for particulars to Mr. C. W. WASS, Superintendent of the Gallery.

## THE EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY will CLOSE on Monday, August 2.

## ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS.—EVENING EXHIBITION.

The EXHIBITION will be OPEN in the EVENING from Monday, July 26, to Monday, August 2 (Bank Holiday), from Eight till Eleven. Admission, 6d. Catalogue, 6d. On the Bank Holiday the admission throughout the day will be 6d., on other days it will be as usual.

## THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—

The EIGHTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION will CLOSE on Saturday next, July 31. Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Vigne," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," "Gaming Table," &c.—DORÉ'S GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—EXHIBITION, including the fine Picture, SNOWDON in WINTER, and many New large ALPINE, EASTERN, and other Drawings. NOW OPEN. Burlington Gallery, 191 Piccadilly. Ten to Six. Admission and Catalogue, 1s.

## CHORAL SCHOLARSHIPS at ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TENBURY.

Warden.—The Rev. Sir F. A. GORE OUSELEY, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc.

This College was founded for the special training of Boys of gentle parentage, preparing them for the Upper Forms of Public Schools, and ultimately for the Universities.

Boys are received as Commoners (i.e. ordinary Boarders), after due consideration and a personal interview. The Terms for Commoners are £130 per annum.

A CHORAL SCHOLARSHIP secures all the educational and other advantages of the College, and may (it is hoped) be a boon to Clergymen seeking a First-class Education for their Sons without expense.

The Terms for Probationers are £40 per annum, and they succeed to Free Choriasterhips as Vacancies occur.

There will be a Competitive Trial of the Voices and Ears of Candidates for Probationerships at Messrs. BROADWOOD'S, 33 Great Pulteney Street, London, W., on August 3, at Two o'clock.

For further particulars apply to The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Hereford (Visitor of the College), The Palace, Hereford; Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart. (Warden), St. Michael's, Tenbury; Rev. John Hampton (Sub-Warden), St. Michael's, Tenbury; or Charles Mackeson, Esq., Winchester House, Fellows Road, Hampstead, N.W.

## GROVE HOUSE SCHOOL, TOTTENHAM.—An EXAMINATION for THREE SCHOLARSHIPS, open to Boys under Fourteen, will be held in December.

The School course is arranged to suit the London Matriculation \* and the Entrance Examination at Trinity College, Cambridge. Credit will be given for general proficiency in Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages, or for special excellence in any one of these subjects.—For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

\* Of 55 Pupils who have passed Examinations at the University of London under the new Charter, 47 were placed in the First Division, and 17 took Honours.

## REPTON SCHOOL.—EXAMINATION for THREE

ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS is fixed for July 27 and 28.—Apply to HEAD-MASTER, Repton, Burton-on-Trent.

## LEAMINGTON COLLEGE comprises Classical, Modern, and

Junior Schools.—The NEXT TERM commences September 15.—Apply to the Rev. J. WOOD, M.A., Head-Master; late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

## ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE.—The

following are the Names of some of the SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES at the Recent Open Competition for Admission to the Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, Surrey:—

Order of Merit.	Marks.
4. James Maclean .....	253.
12. Archibald Greenlees .....	194.
14. Arthur S. Macdonald Ritchie .....	157.
18. Arthur Henry Mason .....	152.
19. Edward R. S. Lloyd .....	150.
21. Seymour B. Pemberton .....	154.
25. Henry William Bennett .....	153.
30. James Robert Tickell .....	150.
32. Ernest Fred. Dawson .....	157.
35. William J. A. Bird .....	153.
36. Arthur Hicks .....	151.
45. Alfred Septimus Trevor .....	109.
50. Amos Morse .....	97.

Pupils of Mr. J. ASHTON, 24 and 26 King Henry's Road, S. Hampstead, who prepares Resident and Non-resident Candidates.

## ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPER'S

HILL.—The Rev. N. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., formerly Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain at the Royal Indian Military College, Addiscombe, and Assistant Examiner for the Appointment under the Indian Public Works Department, together with the Rev. E. A. RAM, M.A., late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Graduate in Classical Honours, have just passed all the Pupils sent up into Cooper's Hill College.—Address, Bromgrove House, Croydon.

## ABINGDON SCHOOL, Berks, six miles from Oxford.—This

old Foundation, with large New Buildings, Extensive Grounds, and University Scholarships, gives a PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION, Classical or Modern, at a Moderate Cost.—For admission in September, Entrance Scholarships, &c., apply to Rev. E. SUMMERS, Head-Master.

## MORGAN JENKINS, M.A. (Wrangler), assisted by an able

Staff of Graduates in First Class Honours (including a Second in First Class of Nat. Sci. Tripos), prepares RESIDENT and NON-RESIDENT PUPILS for Woolwich, Cooper's Hill, and Army Examinations. One Year Three out of Four passed for Cooper's Hill, and last August Three out of Four for the Army.—Address, 50 Cornwall Road, Westminster Park, W.

## FOLKESTONE.—Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. (Scholar)

Oxon, assisted by a Cambridge Honour-Man and a competent staff of Teachers, prepares for the Universities and for all Competitive Examinations. Pupils successful at the last Five Military Examinations.

## NAVAL CADETSHIPS, &amp;c.

"EASTMAN'S" ROYAL NAVAL ACADEMY, SOUTHEASE.

In June 1872, Pupils competing for Naval Cadetships took 3rd, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, &c., places; and of 23 Pupils, 20 passed their respective Examinations.

In June 1873, A.D., the Pupils sent up were successful, and one took the FIRST place in Competition.

In November 1873, and November 1874, One-Third and One-Fourth respectively of the successful Competitors for Naval Cadetships passed from "Eastman's."

Pupils are received from Nine years of age and upwards.

## EDUCATION.—The undermentioned Gentlemen (who are all

Old Pupils) RECOMMEND those Parents who are desirous of obtaining for their Sons a sound knowledge of the German and French Languages to send them to the Establishment of Professor HIRSCH at CANNSTATT, near Stuttgart, South Germany. The School (limited to a certain number) affords a most comfortable Home, and the diet is suitable to the habits of English Boys:

- J. Alexander Blackie, Esq., 17 Stanhope Street, Glasgow.  
D. S. Carson, Esq., 121 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.  
Frederick Elder, Esq., Campden House, Kensington, W.  
Henry Frith, Esq., 7 Pembroke Villas, W.  
John Hogge, Esq., Lieutenant 1st Regiment, Shorncliffe, Kent.  
Henry Imlach, jun., Esq., 1 Abercromby Square, Liverpool.  
John Macleod, Esq., 20 Costes Gardens, Edinburgh.  
Henry Pantin, Esq., 147 Upper Thames Street, E.C.  
C. B. Renshaw, Esq., Glenpatrick, Paisley.  
F. W. Reynolds, Esq., Solicitor, 2 Farnival's Inn, E.C.  
Graham Ross, Esq., 115 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
S. E. Siegh, Esq., North Grove, Highgate, N.  
A. W. Weldon, Esq., 1 St. James's Square, W.

## THE GRANGE SCHOOL, Ewell, Surrey.—

Principal—Dr. BEHR, M.A. Head-Master—W. SELLS, M.A., formerly Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford. Special Classes for Boys preparing for Eton, Winchester, Harrow, and other Public Schools. Lists of Scholarships, &c. obtained by recent Pupils, together with full particulars, will be forwarded on application by the Principal. The next Term will commence on Wednesday, September 15, 1875.

## REQUIRED TWO COMPANION PUPILS to share the

Studies of his SONS, in preparation for the University and Competitive Examinations.—Address, Right Rev. Bishop STALEY, Croxall Vicarage, near Lichfield. Provision made for Drawing and Chemistry. Boat on Trent; facilities for Cricketing, Fishing, &c.

**ROYAL INDIAN CIVIL ENGINEERING COLLEGE,**  
COOPER'S HILL.—In the recent Open Competition for Admission to the R. I. C. Engineering College, Nine CANDIDATES prepared by the Rev. Dr. WRIGHT were examined, all of whom "Qualified," and SIX of them were successful in passing.—Address, 57 High Street, Clapham, S.W.

**PANGBOURNE, Berks.—The VICAR (M.A. Oxon)** of a very small Parish near Pangbourne receives TWELVE PUPILS under Fourteen. Resident Tutor. Large house, on high ground. Two Pupils hold Scholarships at Public Schools.—Address, Rev. G. S. P., Post-Office, Reading.

**OVERSLADE, near RUGBY.—A First-Class PREPARATORY SCHOOL**, under the Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of Corp. Coll. Cambridge, and formerly Assistant-Master at Shrewsbury School and Wellington College.

**ARMY DIRECT, WOOLWICH, CONTROL, &c.—Rev. Dr. HUGHES** (Warr. Camb.), who has passed over 300 for the above Examinations, occasionally has VACANCIES. The best assistance in Sciences, Languages, &c.—Ealing, W.

**A FRENCH GENTLEMAN**, who has had considerable experience in Tuition, and is now preparing the son of a General and the son of a Minister of the Foreign Office for the Army, is anxious to meet with Two or Three PUPILS of good English Families, to whom he will devote his whole attention. The Pupils have peculiar advantages, and there are great advantages for acquiring the French language.—For further particulars, address, M. A. BODART, 33 rue du Prince Albert, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.

**AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE (Student-at-Law)**, about to make a TOUR in BRITANNY, would take TWO PUPILS. Fluent German and French. Highest references.—Address, A. H. the Vicarage, Stubbington, Fareham, Hants.

**PROSPECT HOUSE, MALTON, Yorkshire.—A good Middle-Class EDUCATION** is here offered for GIRLS. Pupils having passed the Cambridge Local Examinations for six successive years. Terms, inclusive of French, Latin, and Music, 30 Guineas per annum. The charge for board, with further particulars and references, can be obtained by application to the Principals, the Misses HALL.

**WAKEFIELD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.**  
APPOINTMENT OF HEAD-MASTER.

The Governors of this School will proceed to the Election of a HEAD-MASTER in August next. The Head-Master is required to be a Graduate of some University within the British Empire, and a Member of the Church of England, but it is not requisite that he should be in Holy Orders.

The Salary will be £300 per annum, with "Head Money," which is fixed as follows, namely:—£5 for each of the first 40 Boys in the Senior Department, and £3 for each of the first 60 Boys in the Junior Department; after that number, £4 for each Boy in the Senior Department, and £3 for each Boy in the Junior Department.

The Head-Master will be permitted to take Boarders on terms to be arranged with the Governors, which will not exceed—for each Boarder—exclusive of the Tuition fees, £10 a year.

There is a capital Residence for the use of the Head-Master, and the School Buildings are of excellent construction and capable of accommodating 250 scholars.

Each Candidate is requested to state his age, his University and College, the year in which he graduated, and (with precision) his place in the Class List, and whether married or single.

The School is now being re-organized under a "Scheme" framed by the Endowed Schools Commissioners, a copy of which will be sent on application.

Candidates are requested to send Testimonials for the use of the Governors, addressed to "The Clerk to the Governors of the Wakefield Grammar School," at the undermentioned Office, on or before the 7th day of August next.

Wakefield Charities' Office, Wakefield, July 7, 1875.

**ARCHDEACON JOHNSON'S SCHOOL, Oakham.—The** Endowed Schools Commission having provided a new Scheme for this School, the Trustees will proceed to Elect a HEAD-MASTER, who must be a Graduate of some British University. There is a good Master's House, with accommodation for sixty Boarders. There are also Exhibitions attached to the School and tenable both at the School and at the Universities. The Head-Master's Salary is fixed at £150 a year, to which will be added the Capitation Fee on each Scholar. The charge for Boarding is not to exceed £50 per annum. Full information may be obtained from B. A. ADAM, Esq., Oakham, to whom applications for the Head-Mastership, testimonials, &c. must be sent on or before Tuesday, August 24, 1875.

**TUTORSHIP WANTED, during the next Three Months**, by a Scholar of his College (Oxford). Classics, Mathematics, French, Music.—Address, R. S., Heath Mount, Hampstead, N.W.

**A PUBLISHER is in WANT of a MANAGING ASSISTANT.** A thorough knowledge of Paper and Print and the Book Trade, and good epistolary style, indispensable. A liberal salary will be given to a competent man, of good Education, Energy, and Experience in a similar capacity.—Address, with full particulars of antecedents, age, &c., "PUBLISHER," City United Club, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

**IF DR. ALEXANDER TURNBULL, the AURIST**, whose PROFESSIONAL SERVICES are urgently REQUIRED, or any one acquainted with this gentleman's present ADDRESS, should see this, he or they will greatly oblige by forwarding the same, with as little delay as possible, to the Honble. Mrs. L., care of Messrs. DUNSON & SONS, Jewellers, 35 Piccadilly, London.

**HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill.** Physician.—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. For Invalids and those requiring rest and change. Turkish Bath on the premises. Private entrance to Richmond Park.

**OVERLAND ROUTE and SUEZ CANAL.—Under Contract** for the conveyance of the Mail to the Mediterranean, India, China, Japan, and Australia. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company despatch their Steamers from Southampton, via the Suez Canal, every Thursday, from Valparaiso every Friday, and from Brindisi, with the Overland Mail, every Monday.—Offices, 127 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

## HOTELS.

**BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Facing Sea and** Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Suites of Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-Water Service in the Hotel.

ROBERT PARK, Manager.

**ILFRACOMBE HOTEL, Ilfracombe, North Devon.—Accessible** from all parts by Steam and Rail.—See Time Tables. Appointments, Cuisine and Wines perfect. With choice of 250 Rooms. Terms on application to MANAGER.

**SOUTHSEA.—PIER HOTEL and QUEEN'S HOTEL.** These favourite First-class Hotels are unsurpassed for comfort, convenience, and position, being near the Beach, Bath-rooms, and Pier. Military Bands twice a day.

**ROYAL IRISH LINEN WRITING PAPERS and ENVELOPES.—Maker's name and following Trade Marks** worn in every sheet. First quality. "Royal Irish Linen" and Crown. Second quality. "Pure Flax," Irish Harp and Crown.—Sold by all Stationers. Samples sent free for ad.—Wholesale of MARCUS WARD & Co., Royal Ulster Works, Belfast and London.

**RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, ARMS, CRESTS, and** RAISED, RUBRIC, GROTESQUE, and EGYPTIC MONOGRAMS artistically designed for any combination of Letters. NOTE-PAPER and ENVELOPES Stamped in Colour Relief, and brilliantly Illuminated in Gold, Silver, and Colours, in the highest Style of Art. At HENRY RODRIGUES', 45 PICCADILLY, LONDON.

**E. DENT & CO., 61 Strand, and 34 Royal Exchange, Manufacture** of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen, H.H.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns. Makers of the Great Westminster Clock, and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Sole addresses, 61 Strand, 34 Royal Exchange, and Factory, Savoy Street, London.

**FOR YACHTING, BOATING, MILITARY and CIVIL SERVICES; FOR** COUNTRY QUARTERS, AND SHOOTING BOXES.  
**MAPPING and WEBB,** Manufacturers.

BEST ELECTRO-PLATE AND CUTLERY

Fitted into strong Oak Cases.

No. 1	25 12s.	No. 4	25 12s.
" 2	210 10s.	" 5	210 10s.
" 3	212 12s.	" 6	210 10s.

Special Lists on application.

OXFORD STREET (No. 77, and 78), WEST END, LONDON.

MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS—ROYAL CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

## LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

**LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Fleet Street, London.**  
Invested assets on December 31, 1873 ..... £5,466,748  
Income for the year 1873 ..... 567,284  
Amount paid on death to December 1873 ..... 9,866,739  
Forms of proposal, &c., will be sent on application to the Office.

**PHENIX FIRE OFFICE,**  
LOMBARD STREET and CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1782.  
Prompt and Liberal Loss Settlements.  
Insurances effected in all parts of the World.  
GEORGE WM. LOVELL } Secretaries.  
JOHN J. BROOMFIELD }

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Established 1803.  
1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 & 17 PALL MALL, S.W.  
CAPITAL, £1,000,000. PAID-UP and INVESTED, £700,000.  
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

**LONDON and SOUTHWARK FIRE and LIFE**  
INSURANCE.  
Chairman—HENRY ASTE, Esq.  
CHIEF OFFICE—73 and 74 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

**THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.**  
CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:—

At 5 per cent. per annum, subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

For shorter periods Deposits will be received on terms to be agreed upon.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

**BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and FURNITURE.—**

BEDSTEADS, IRON and BRASS, and CHILDREN'S COTS. A very large assortment of 150 patterns on Show, from 12s. 6d. to £35.

**BEDDING Manufactured on the Premises, and Warranted by**

WILLIAM S. BURTON.

For Bedsteads.	Width: 3 ft.	4 ft. 6 in.	5 ft.
Best French Alva Mattresses	12s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	20s. 6d.
Coloured Wool ditto	17s. 6d.	25s. 0d.	28s. 6d.
Best Brown Wool ditto	22s. 0d.	33s. 6d.	37s. 6d.
Good White Wool ditto	31s. 6d.	45s. 0d.	52s. 6d.
Extra Super ditto	50s. 0d.	72s. 0d.	81s. 6d.
Superior Horse Hair ditto	47s. 6d.	63s. 0d.	69s. 6d.
Extra Super ditto	60s. 0d.	80s. 0d.	91s. 6d.
German Spring	50s. 0d.	68s. 0d.	74s. 0d.
Superior ditto, Hair Stuffing	65s. 0d.	87s. 6d.	95s. 0d.

Feather Beds, from 31s. to 180s.; Bolsters, 6s. to 29s. 6d.; do. Pillows, 3s. 6d. to 13s.; Down Pillows, 11s. 6d. to 18s.

**FURNITURE for BED-ROOMS and DINING-ROOMS.—**

Complete Suites in Mahogany, Fancy Woods, Polished and Japanned Deal, always on Show.

**FURNITURE FOR DINING-ROOMS.—An Assortment of Sideboards, Dining-Tables,** Dining Waggons, Chairs, Couches, and every other article of Dining-room Furniture is on view in the large Furniture Show-rooms. Easy Chairs, a large selection, from 37s. 6d. Gilt Chimney and Pier Glasses, a large and new Assortment, from 47s. 6d. Catalogues post free.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON, General Furnishing Ironmonger**, by appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE, post free, containing upwards of 850 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with List of Prices and Plans of the 30 large Show-rooms, 29 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard; Manufacturers, 91 Newman Street, and Newman Mews, London, W. The Cost of delivering Goods to the most distant parts of the United Kingdom by Railway is trifling. WILLIAM S. BURTON will always undertake delivery at a small fixed rate.

**FURNISH YOUR HOUSE at DEANE & COMPANY'S.**

Illustrated Catalogue, with priced Furnishing List, post free.

Table Knives, Ivory, per dozen, from 18s.  
Electro Forks, Table, from 2s.; Spoon, 21s.  
Paper-Maché Tea Trays, in Sets, from 21s.  
Napier-Tea and Coffee Sets, from 23 7s.  
Dish Covers—Tin, Metal, Electro.  
Electro Cruets and Liqueurs.  
Lamp—Patent Rock Oil, Moderator, &c.  
Bronzed Tea and Coffee Urns.  
China and Glass—Dinner Services, &c.

A Discount of Five per cent. for Cash Payments of £5 and upwards.

DEANE & COMPANY, 46 King William Street, London Bridge, E.C. Established A.D. 1700.

**HOWARD'S JACOBEN FURNITURE.—The style being** peculiarly adapted for production by Machinery, HOWARD & SONS, Cabinet Manufacturers by Steam-power, invite applications for Designs and Estimates, which are supplied free of charge, for every description of Furniture, Wall Panelling, Ceilings, Fire Places, and Flooring. Specimens at 25, 26, and 27 Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.

**HARLAND & FISHER,**  
33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

**ART DECORATORS.**

CHURCH and DOMESTIC DECORATION.

PAINTED MAJOLICA TILES. EMBROIDERY.

PAPER-HANGINGS and ART FURNITURE.

**CLARK'S PATENT STEEL NOISELESS SHUTTERS.**  
Self-Colling, Fire and Thief Proof, can be adapted to any Window or other Opening. Prospectuses free.—CLARK & CO., Sole Patentees, Rathbone Place, W.; Paris, Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin.

**ISLE of SKYE TWEEDS for SALE by C. COOPER, 5 Vere** Street, Oxford Street, W. Honestly made of Pure Wool, and quite superior in quality. Price 5s. per yard, Cash.

**FOR THE COLD BATH, &c. &c.**

**CASH'S KNITTED**

**ROUGH TOWELS**

CAN BE ORDERED (PATENT.)

THROUGH HOSEIERS and DRAPERS, &c., EVERYWHERE.

See the words "J. & J. Cash's Patent Rough Towel," worn on each.

**THE LITERARY MACHINE (Patented), for holding a**

Book or Writing Desk, Lamp, Maps, &c., in any position over an Easy Chair, Bed, or Sofa, obviating the fatigue and inconvenience of incessant stooping while Reading or Writing.

Invaluable to Invalids and Students. Admirably adapted for India. A most useful Gift. Prices from 9s. Illustrated Pamphlets post free.

J. CARTER, 5A New Cavendish Street, Great Portland Street, W.

**PIESSE & LUBIN'S HUNGARY WATER**, prophylactic, refreshing, invigorating.—"I am not surprised to learn," says Humboldt, "that orators, clergymen, lecturers, authors, and poets give it the preference, for it refreshes the memory." Emphatically the scent for warm weather, for hot and depressive climates. A Case of Six Bottles, 14s.; Single Samples, 2s. 6d.—2 New Bond Street, W.

**CAUTION.—WATERMARK TOBACCO.**  
Messrs. W. D. & H. O. WILLS intimate that, to prevent Fraud, every packet of their "BEST BIRDSEYE" Tobacco now bears the NAME and TRADE-MARK of their firm, both printed on and WOVEN in the paper.